JOHN BULL, AUGUST 22, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

Vol. L.
No. 1314.

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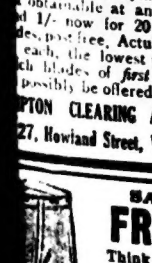

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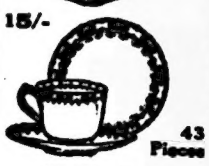

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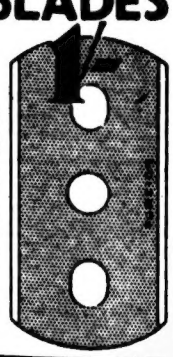

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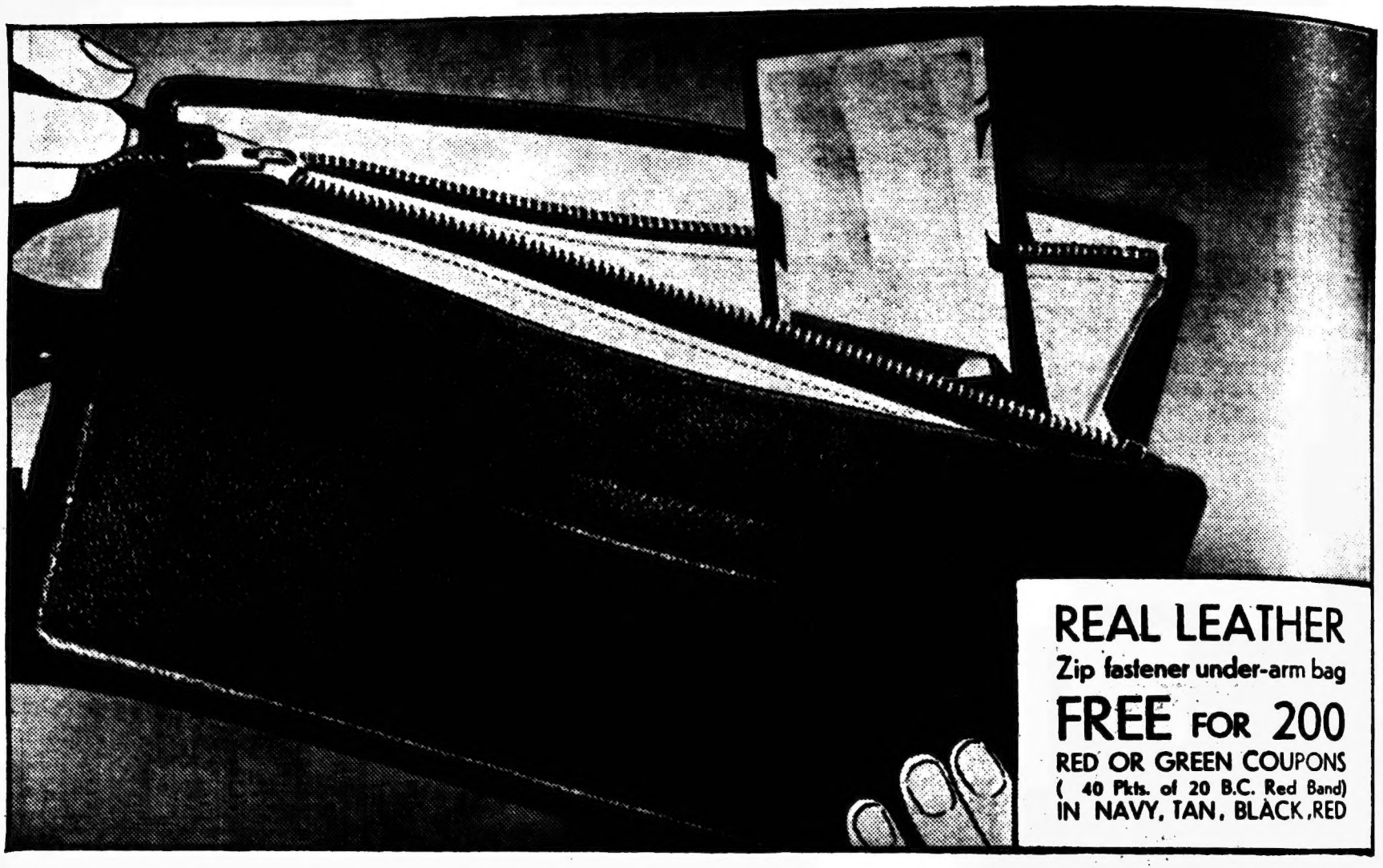

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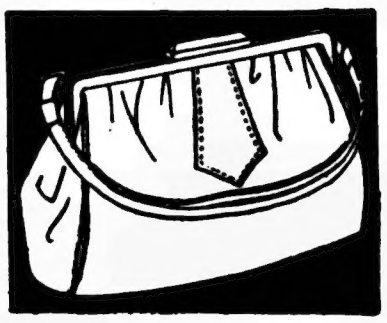

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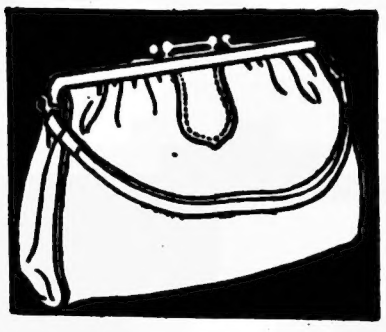

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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

War Debt Settlement this Year

L.G. at the Helm Again?

A Fillip for Films

BEFORE the present year is out there will be another conference on War Debts.

This time it will consider not merely a year's respite in payments, but a general scaling down of the whole indebtedness of the nations.

Will hear the news

Mr. Stimson discussed the matter with Mr. Macdonald in the Highlands. He is discussing it with European statesmen and financiers. When he goes back to America, he will place all the information he has gathered before Mr. Hoover.

The new Conference will come as soon as the American President has obtained the approval of the American party leaders.

At the moment, we are paying America £35,000,000 a year, and under present arrangements, those payments will go on for a further 53 years.

National investment plan

One result of the present financial emergency is likely to be the setting up of a Board of National Investment.

The constitution of such a Board will not, of course, be included amongst the special emergency measures adopted by the Cabinet to balance the Budget.

It will be put through at a slightly later date as a constructive scheme to assist industrial development and reduce unemployment, and thus help Britain to a more permanently prosperous position.

* * *

The ordinary investor would be asked to subscribe to issues of stock by the Board itself, and his investments would thus carry a national guarantee.

The scheme has the strong support of some members of the Cabinet, and its advocates include such Labour leaders as Sir Thomas Allen and Mr. Ernest Bevin; and economists like Mr. J. M. Keynes and Mr. Reginald McKenna.

Bravo, Australia!

Hats off to Australia!

Whilst London bankers and financiers have poured millions of British capital into foreign countries—and lost a good deal of it—they have refused aid to Australia in her dire need.

The Commonwealth has remained undaunted. It has taken off its coat and rolled up its sleeves, with the result that the bankruptcy which stared it in the face only a few short months ago has been averted.

* * *

Holders of more than £550,000,000 of loans raised in Australia are going to accept voluntarily 4 per cent. instead of 5½ per cent. for their money, saving about £6,500,000 a year.

What is more remarkable is that the banks have given the lead.

Will the British banks follow such an example in our hour of trial and show the same patriotism of which they are fond of boasting in times of crisis?

Not us alone

No more arresting document has been issued by the Foreign Office since the war than the British reply to the League of Nations circular on armaments.

The League has been specially asked to give it the widest possible publicity. It constitutes, in effect, a striking practical plea for disarmament and peace.

* * *

Notwithstanding Great Britain's unparalleled, world-wide responsibilities, says the statement, this country, alone among Great Powers, has drastically reduced its armed forces even below the pre-war safety-level.

Mr. Henderson makes it quite clear that, if we are to go on reducing, other countries must use the big axe with equal force.

Room for economy

If the Powers are really in earnest, next year's Disarmament Conference will enable them to achieve real economies.

The cost of armaments is a crushing burden for each and every country, and by common agreement big cuts could be made at once.

Mr. Snowden is hopefully awaiting the result of the Conference, for even if the great naval Powers only agree to a two years' building "holiday," we could save millions on the next Budget.

The wanglers

The trade union approved societies are thinking of asking for a national scheme to supervise claims and reduce the number of bogus applications for sick benefits.

Official investigations show that malingering is practised on a large scale and is rapidly increasing.

The effects are so serious that very few of the societies are now in a position to afford additional benefits.

Hardly any of the approved societies have enough money to engage a staff to check claims systematically. Unscrupulous people are taking advantage of this.

Time, please!

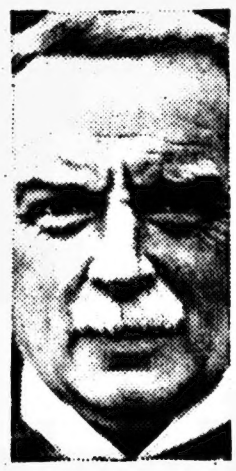
Although the Licensing Commission cannot agree on any of the big questions it has been considering for the past two years, it has decided on a uniform closing hour for the public-houses of England.

The hour it will suggest is 10.30 p.m.

More facilities for the sale of medicated wines will be recommended, and chemists will not have to obtain special licences as now.

Watch the wizard

A growing number of politicians are hoping and working for some form of National Government.



Back to health—and power?

There are several Conservative members who would like to see Mr. Lloyd George at the head of affairs again for two or three years.

In spite of political differences, ex-Ministers, like Mr. Churchill, Sir Robert Horne and Sir Austen Chamberlain, still have a profound belief in the "Welsh Wizard's" qualities of leadership.

If necessary, they would follow him and work with him as they did during the war and after.

There may be interesting developments as soon as Mr. Lloyd George regains his health.

Penalised

It is almost impossible to discover the total amount of "immobilised funds" belonging to British business men, but held up in Germany.

It is there pending the decision of the German Government as to what is to be done about the new kind of "old marks."

Anybody in this country who sends a cheque from a German debtor back to be cleared through the bank is in the peculiar position of having been paid, but the money is still held in Germany. He is paid because the debtor's account is debited with the amount of the cheque.

* * *

Apparently, as from July 13, all German money in circulation is to be graded as "old marks," and there is more than a likelihood of them being subjected to revaluation.

A pleasant look-out for the British business man.

A million in British films

Mr. John Maxwell, head of British International Pictures, was able to tell his shareholders at the recent annual meeting that the company is now obtaining a revenue from film production at the rate of £1,000,000 per annum.

In other words, £1,000,000 a year, which formerly went to America in the form of film rentals, is now being retained in this country.

This is excellent news. It shows that British films have a future and that the former monopoly of America is being broken down.

Deadly fumes

So many fatalities have followed upon the use of prussic acid—one of the speediest of poisons—in the fumigation of ships that the seamen and dockers have asked the Government to tighten up the regulations.

Orders are expected to be issued shortly to ensure that the fumigation is carried out under proper safeguards and only by skilled persons.

There will be special precautions to make sure that all traces of the poison gas are withdrawn before men are allowed to enter the holds.

Sterile wealth

In the midst of accumulations of food and manufactured goods such as the world has never known, at least 20 per cent. of civilised people are now living near the starvation level.

Yet in this country alone there is between £800,000,000 and £900,000,000 on deposit—nearly double the sum there was in 1920.

The problem of keeping these vast sums in active circulation is what we now have to face, and the sooner we do it the better for everybody.

Carrying on

Successful trials of the new 38-seater air liner *Heracles* have encouraged Imperial Airways to persist in their policy of building up a fleet of these giants.

Heracles is of the Hannibal class, the largest air liners in the world.

The recent accident to *Hannibal* might well have discouraged the company, but with true British enterprise Imperial Airways will carry on.

The world's best aeroplanes and the world's finest pilots are their valued assets.

A wise move

Mr. J. R. Clynes' suggestion that a consultative committee should be formed to confer with the British Board of Film Censors is the first definite Government action in the question of film censorship.

JOHN BULL is no lover of censorship, but this move will give the existing control the official status it now lacks.

* * *

While there are certain films shown to-day that are doing real harm to British youth, the real need appears to be uniformity between the authorities who pass the films.

It is ridiculous that a film granted a certificate in one town should be banned in another.

"IF YOU SEE IT"—(Continued)

"Touching"

Recently we gave facts and figures showing how unlicensed women money-lenders among the poor batten on huge interest charges for small loans, some grasping as much as 400 per cent.

Our figures are outdone by Hannah G. Wilson, of Birmingham, who was fined £10 and 10s. costs for carrying on business as a money-lender without a licence. Her charge was said to have been in certain instances 500 per cent. interest.

Her amazing plea was that she was not in general business, but only lent money to friends and relatives. A touching discrimination!

Agreed

The typists and secretaries who belong to the Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries want more women police to patrol the parks and open spaces, in order to look after the welfare of women and girls.

They are bringing pressure to bear on Mr. Clynes in the hope that he will make a move in this direction.

Unfortunately, it is beyond question that our open spaces are entirely unsafe for women when darkness has fallen.

A *fistic fiasco*

Boxing promoters have only themselves to blame for the crisis which has overtaken this British sport.

Not counting heavyweights, we have some good men, but only those who are already champions are paid anything like reasonable sums. Ten shillings or even five for a contest has been paid to men figuring prominently on the bills.

He knows: Lord Tweedmouth of the B.B.B.C.

The British Boxing Board of Control is giving the matter its attention. Obviously what is needed to put new life into boxing is a minimum rate of pay for boxers, or a fixed minimum percentage of the box-office receipts.

Unwise leniency

Joshua Powell, of Gladstone Street, Ilkeston, was summoned for driving a motor-bus with more passengers aboard than it was licensed to carry.

The bus was licensed for fourteen; he was carrying thirty-one, and for that he was fined 10s.

He had inefficient brakes; for this he was fined £1.

He allowed a passenger to sit on the right-hand side of the driver—fined 4s.

In all, 34s. for risking the lives of thirty-one passengers! A stronger lesson was needed.

Heroes

Miners are frequently charged with cruelty to the ponies. Here are instances which refute such baseless accusations.

Frederick Smith, aged twenty-five, an overman at Follonsby Colliery, Durham, found a pony trapped by a fall. In trying to release the animal he became trapped himself.

For fourteen hours he lay imprisoned among the debris despite frantic efforts by colleagues to save him. He died before he could be extricated.

A few miles away on the previous day—at Broomhill Pit, Northumberland—James Brown, aged twenty-three, of Broomhill Street, Amble, rescued a pony from the path of runaway tubs. He saved the animal but not himself. He was injured.

Who dares to say that the youth of Britain is decadent?

Publicity pays

Summoned at Newcastle for non-payment of rates, the Newburn Cottage Hospital found the resultant publicity of such value that its empty purse was speedily replenished.

The result has been happy enough, but surely it is time to consider whether voluntary hospitals should not be exempt from rates?

Newburn, like all other towns, has its workless, but it also has its sickness and its people who turn to the hospital for help.

During its period of adversity, that little hospital was reassessed and the rates were raised from £8 10s. to £40.

The ray of hope is that charity still functions despite official disregard and blundering.

Unfair

Tradesmen at Southend-on-Sea feel very aggrieved at the decision of the local authorities, who have prohibited coaches from putting down and picking up passengers in Southchurch Avenue.

Café proprietors and other traders have to rely on a short season in which to make their money, and since this road is about the widest in the borough, the new order is hard to understand.

Ever since charabancs first went to Southend, Southchurch Avenue has been used by them, and it is only because of the new Kursaal car park that they have been stopped.

We hope that the decision will be reviewed.

Five stars

Followers of football should look next week for JOHN BULL'S Five Star Code Forecast.

Last season 60 per cent. of our expert's predictions, including drawn games, were correct. This season his policy will be to provide five good winners each week.

In addition to the general predictions in this journal, the Five Star special teams will appear in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* under the heading JOHN BULL'S Football Code.

Wait for the Five Star Winners!

The mix-up

Here is a muddle for the Ministry of Labour to investigate.

The closing down of the Abertyssog Colliery, Rhymney Valley, threw a large number of miners out of work.

After a few days, they were told by the local employment exchange to report for work at Penalta Colliery, twelve miles from their village.

Within two miles radius of the latter place, nearly a thousand miners have been out of work for many months.

Why should men be imported from twelve miles away? It will take some explaining.

Thanks to Addison

Dairy farmers have every reason to be grateful to the Minister of Agriculture.

The present methods of controlling and marketing milk supplies are haphazard and unsatisfactory. There is imminent danger of a collapse in prices, which would gravely injure the only reasonably prosperous branch of agriculture.

But under the new Agricultural Marketing Act, milk producers can at once build up an effective organisation to regulate production and marketing.

Dr. Addison has given them the means of saving themselves.

Poor people's dread

It is a bitter comment on "civilisation" that no fewer than twelve hundred residents in Manchester's poorest district have petitioned the City Council not to proceed with a scheme of slum clearance, because they fear they will be housed where they cannot afford the rents.

Manchester's death-rate stands at 13.9, but in this particular district it is 21.8, and the infantile mortality is 44 per 1,000 more than the average for the city.

The Manchester Council must not do things by halves. While razing to the ground the hovels, they should at the same time build corporation houses at rentals which the poor can pay without going short of the necessities of life.

The memory

The *Graf Zeppelin's* visit to England will arouse sad memories.

But this will cheer you up:

Somewhere in the nose of the giant German airship are girders fashioned out of the wreckage of the R101, which was bought up by the Zeppelin works.

There's a bit of Britain in her

They were put in to replace certain strained parts.

Thus the work of those gallant Britishers who went hurtling to death in France a year ago lives on!

The squeeze

A few months ago, Little Massingham, Norfolk, put up a great fight against the Ecclesiastical Commission, which proposed to join the benefice to another and take part of the tithes to give to places a considerable distance away.

Little Massingham appealed and won, but the Commission now declares that it does not recognise either "legal or moral obligation" to pay the petitioners' costs.

The appeal cost some £400 to £500 and the village has only about 230 inhabitants. They have voluntarily collected over £70 amongst themselves.

This is surely a matter for the attention of the Lord Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Ecclesiastical Commission should be made to disgorge.

Unwelcome Visitors

The London police have noticed that certain centres outside the Metropolitan and City areas have become retiring grounds for coteries of criminals.

Southend is quite the worst of these and as most of the cases in and around that town come to the London Sessions and Old Bailey for trial, it would be a wise move to bring "London-on-Sea" into the London police area.

Westcliff and Leigh would surely welcome the change.

Councils, please note

The Slum Inquiry Committee of the Sunderland Town Council has been doing useful work, which, incidentally, reveals how the poor are being bled by profiteering landlords.

In 117 cases out of 352 investigated the rents charged were found to be excessive.

There were some instances in which slum dwellers were paying nearly four shillings a week more than a fair price.

Thanks to the representations of the Council's officials, corresponding reductions have been made.

There is need for more investigation of this kind.

Who gets it?

Wheat is now being sold at less than the cost of production, and producers in all parts of the world are faced with ruin.

But consumers are not getting the benefit of the glut. Millers are buying at lower prices than ever before. The corresponding fall in the price of bread is still out of sight.

There is the same mysterious gap between wholesale and retail prices where other commodities are concerned.

The Consumers' Council Bill must be passed as soon as Parliament reassembles, and retail profits must be subjected to a searching scrutiny.

Contra contraband

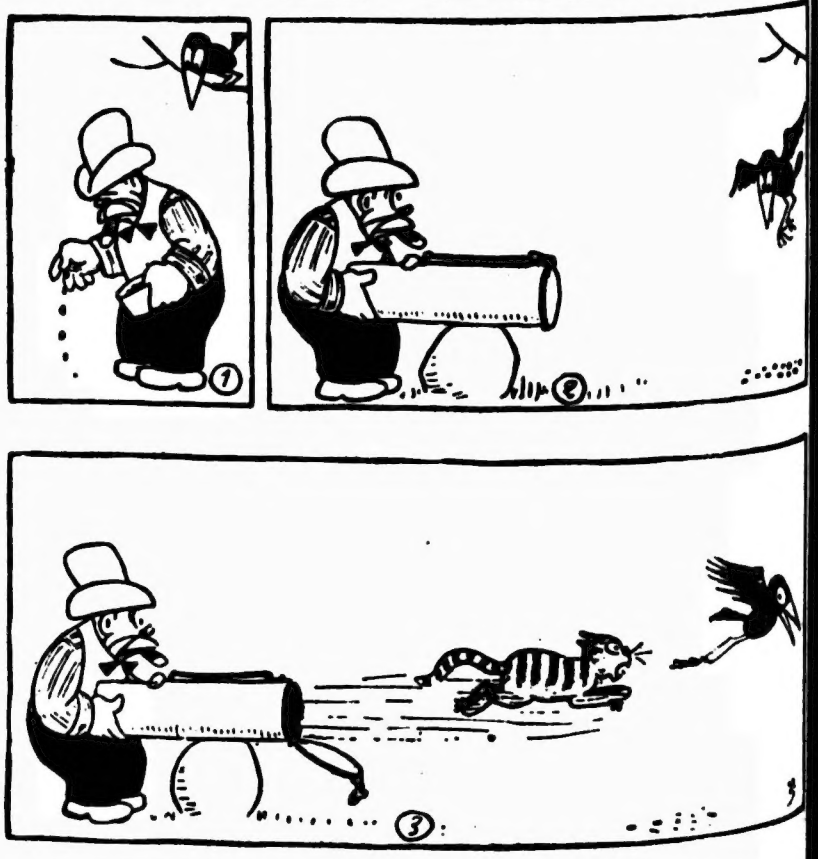
Orders have been given for a closer watch to be kept for smugglers.

Foreign seamen are to be more closely searched and the inspection of tourists from abroad is to be much more thorough.

Although the authorities do not fear much from small boats putting into obscure harbours, a sharper look-out is also to be kept there.

It might also be worth while to exercise increased vigilance at the airports.

ADAMSON'S— —*Catapult*



The CRACK in the PANEL

By Dr. JANE WALKER C.H., L.L.D., M.D.

HAS the present medical system failed? Is the medical profession moving to a point at which it will become a State service?

Dr. Jane Walker, who is the secretary of the newly formed National Medical Association, says "Yes."

In her article, Dr. Walker gives some exclusive details of the changes afoot which are of great importance to everybody in this country.

I CANNOT better introduce this article than by quoting a statement recently made by the Chief Medical Officer.

"Health," said Sir George Newman, "is still largely a purchasable commodity."

I would add to that statement that the ice to be paid is still too high for most people the community.

When the National Health Insurance Act s passed in 1911 it had received very little amination. It passed into law with many ws and defects, some so serious that the racle has been that it has worked so well.

Some of the worst of these evils we can mmarise. One of the chief is that it left 00,000 persons, including such types as wkers, cobblers, village blacksmiths, tinkers, all shopkeepers, and smallholders, people o have as much need of medical attention any others, *entirely without part or lot in scheme.*

Another defect is that the Act does not ply to dependents of an insured person. t another is the failure to pro- le specialist or consultant ser- es; and, finally, there is the er inadequacy of the Act to pro- le hospital treatment when eded.

Those are a few of the adminis- tive flaws in the scheme. In the dical profession itself, in the re- ions between doctor and patient, would be idle to deny that there many others. Leaders of the ecutive body of the profession, British Medical Association, ve admitted them.

One of the worst has been the dent fact that with a huge nel, and a large list of private tients it has too often been a nifest impossibility for a doctor give adequate attention to all eds equally.

Ashamed of this

THE passing on of patients to juniors and assistants has been exceedingly common, rticularly in working-class dis- cts, and this practice cannot be ended.

The present situation is no dit to our administrators, and it no credit to the medical fession.

The National Health Scheme, it stands, is practically bank- t. On the other hand, the dical profession has failed to vide competent service to all sses under a financial plan ich would cover the demands ich have arisen.

As a corporate body—which profession is—that is its first y, and the State has a right to nand it. The State will undoubtedly do so ess the profession takes some definite action hout delay.

There are three separate movements afoot alter the whole scope and character of the dical service given to the nation.

Since legislation will be necessary to carry of them into effect it is but right that the blic should have the opportunity of weigh- the possibilities of each in good time.

One scheme is an avowed part of the Labour ty policy, though not of its immediate pro- mme. It is a plan for a complete State dical service, a form of nationalisation ich, in effect, will convert the medical pro- ion into a branch of the Civil Service.

Treatment for all

S the proposals have never been definitely formulated it is impossible to examine them in detail. Yet their intention is suffi- tly established to have harried, or hurried British Medical Association into putting up econd scheme which is now before the Minis- of Health.

The third scheme is the one put forward the National Medical Association, a body of ch I am the secretary and which includes ny medical M.P.s, among others the present chairman of the Medical Committee of the House of Commons.

We disagree with the British Medical Association on many points. Its proposals, for one thing, aim at retaining the individual doctor as an ideal, and discard the idea of the team, which is the medical unit of the future.

The B.M.A.'s plan is contributory, and the added services will be paid for by the patients under an extended Health Insurance Scheme.

Ours is non-contributory and is a part of a logical development of the present social services.

It should be sufficiently obvious that it would be impossible for many large classes of the population, such as farm labourers with families, to pay a heavy weekly levy without stinting their children of some of the necessities of life.

Furthermore, there are great administrative difficulties in the way of collecting contributions from a huge percentage of the population including the 4,000,000 who are now outside the present National Health scheme.

Thus, the new service would be defeated at the outset, since it would not cover the *whole* of the community.

The income limit suggested by the B.M.A. is too small. A London clerk with a large family and £350 a year, living out of town, has little money to spend on specialist treatment when he or any member of his family is ill.

Our scheme covers these middle-classes, and our limit will be put at not less than £350 a year.

We would insist that there should be a definite limit to the number of persons on the panel of any one practitioner when dependents are brought into the scheme. The B.M.A. does not, and it is not difficult to see that under such conditions many of the present panel evils would be perpetuated.

Finally, the B.M.A. policy is to make the larger voluntary hospitals centre or base hospitals, around which would be grouped the smaller voluntary and municipal hospitals. Whatever merit this scheme has, it has the fatal flaw of assuming that the voluntary hospitals can continue in their present state.

Desperate devices

OUR policy is to merge the voluntary, the State and municipal hospitals, each developing equally on the most modern lines, and all free.

Free hospital service should be a privilege of citizenship in the same way as other public health services are.

Few of the voluntary hospitals are completely free, and they are compelled to resort to all kinds of devices and charges for treatment in order to remain in a solvent condition.

Even now, the State is responsible for the supply of the majority of beds. In 1928 there were 392,397 beds available for the sick and injured. Of these 65,833 were in voluntary hospitals.

The balance, nearly five times as many, were in State or municipal hospitals.

All these hospitals would become treatment and consultative centres under our scheme.

In summary our proposals include the establishment of a medical service open to all members of the community, and providing every necessary form of medical, surgical, dental and preventive treatment, co-ordinated as one service under the Ministry of Health.

Motherhood dread

THIS would entail the provision of all necessary hospital treatment, and specialist services, together with all known means for the prevention, diagnosis and treatment of disease. All these objects could be achieved by transforming and extending the existing municipal and public services.

It has been officially stated that half the deaths in childbirth which take place annually in this country could have been prevented with reasonable care.

It is a fact of which we should as a nation be ashamed.

And we should be still more ashamed that health, the birthright of us all, and the treatment of the sick and injured, should not be easily available to every person in this country without exception, and without question.

The organisation of medicine as a service has lagged hopelessly behind its progress as a science, and a way to draw level is being earnestly sought.

A National Medical Service is the way.

What's in the Bottle, DOCTOR?

The Rt. Hon. J. R. MACDONALD,
10, Downing Street, London, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Your heartening assurance that the "Budget must and will be balanced" has greatly assisted in restoring national confidence.

Already we see a rift in the clouds, but we want that light to broaden into a steady beam.

I have every sympathy with you in this difficult pass, and I believe that you are a big enough man to put aside for the present all party pettiness.

Statesmen have made similar promises in situations hardly less grave and we have seen them go unfulfilled.

There must be no mistake in this crisis. The nation looks to you and your able colleague, Mr. Snowden, to make good the solemn pledge which you have given.

JOHN BULL.

LORD BYNG,
Scotland Yard, London

DEAR LORD BYNG,—Commenting on the increase of burglary and housebreaking, you place a lot of the blame on householders who fail to take ordinary precautions.

While I agree with you to a certain extent, I must also point out a weakness in the patrol system.

It requires very little observation for a burglar to find out where the night policeman is at a given time. Plain clothes patrols would be infinitely more useful.

If householders look after bolts and bars and you alter the present hard and fast routine, burglars will not find their raids quite so profitable.

JOHN BULL.

The Earl of CRAWFORD,
7, Audley Square, London, W.1

MY LORD,—When you presided over the voluntary commission on the nursing problem you heard in a modified form the complaints which I have voiced for years.

It simply amounts to this: that a fine body of women are shamefully overworked and wretchedly underpaid.

But it seems that an appreciable number of hospital authorities consulted by you believe that the shortage of nurses is due to "an erroneous idea of overwork, underfeeding and underpay."

That is exactly the stupid attitude you have to combat.

I trust that your final report will greatly strengthen the hands of those who are now trying to put a reform measure through Parliament.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. F. E. CORYTON,
St. John's, Weymouth

DEAR VICAR,—I see that you have been thundering against those holiday girls who have brightened the dun stretches of our resorts with beach pyjamas.

Permit me to remind you that your first duty as a priest is to search increasingly for good; *not* to bend the mighty words of the Book to such trivial ends, and to see always evil where none is meant.

JOHN BULL.

BENJAMIN SCOURFIELD,
Oxford

SCOURFIELD,—You are a cur. Accused at Newport of robbing Charles Leyshon, you were fined £5 or two months' imprisonment.

The despicable side of your nature is that you have been robbing Mr. Leyshon for the eight years he has befriended you.

He even set you up in business and then found work for you when the business failed.

Had it rested with me, you would not have been given the option of a fine.

JOHN BULL.

KAYE DON,
Lake Michigan, U.S.A.

DEAR DON,—You have arrived in America with the object of sending *Miss England* flashing over the water at anything up to 120 miles an hour.

Gar Wood is going to give you a hard fight, but I think you will bring the British International Trophy back to England.

There is more in your trip than mere love of speed. You are fighting the battle of a dead man.

Sir Henry Segrave built *Miss England* with the definite purpose of regaining the Trophy. Now that he has passed on, the torch is handed on to you.

You have already proved your worth and I wish you *bon voyage*.

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. A. D. SMITH, C.B.E.,
Chief Constable of Glasgow

DEAR SIR,—The dastardly and cunning murder of Mr. Donald, the Clydesdale bank cashier, has shocked the whole country.

The nature of the crime bears an uncomfortable resemblance to episodes all too familiar to the American public.

This is the second murder of the kind within a few years. We want no repetitions. I confidently hope, therefore, that you will spare no efforts to bring the murderer to justice in record time.

Do you approve, by the way, of one man being left alone and unarmed in charge of a large amount of money?

A word from you to the banks might work a much needed change, at least in Glasgow.

JOHN BULL.

Lady HOWARD STEPNEY,
Llanelly, S. Wales

MY LADY,—Would that there were more generous and understanding women like you.

Loved throughout West Wales for your continual acts of kindness and generosity, you have added greatly to your prestige by your latest act.

Hearing that a limbless man in the local workhouse did not possess artificial limbs, you promptly provided him with a set.

More than that, you said nothing about it. That is true generosity.

JOHN BULL.

Col. S. P. JAMES,
Ministry of Health

DEAR COLONEL,—When you and the eight volunteers at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, submitted to malarial injections by disease-carrying mosquitos you did a very brave thing.

As experts you knew—as all malarial patients know—that you ran the risk of years of suffering and mental depression.

You did it to prove the preventive capacity of the new German drug plasmoquine, and you have helped to place in the hands of our Imperial administrators a weapon against one of the world's most dreadful scourges.

Your action ranks with all the brave deeds which have been done by air, land and sea. I salute you.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. S. ROPER: "Many of us older people often wonder if the children of to-day are not having things made too easy for them."

Then the blame, if any, rests on the older people.

* * *

SIR F. RICHMOND: "The demand for cheaper goods has been stimulated by the trade depression.

The demand is patent, but we fail to see any adequate response in lower food prices.

* * *

PROFESSOR EDWIN K. WITTE (United States), speaking in Newcastle: "Tyneside has splendid capital equipment and a skilled labour population of unequalled excellence."

We agree. Why not tell that to your countrymen who want a few new ships?

Not from the B.B.C.—
"Spike" O'Donnell, Chicago Bootlegger, sings

The Lay of the GENTLE GANGSTER

I'M weary of putting guys "on the spot,"
I'm sick of being consistently shot—
Shot at myself!
Chicago has got on my nerves, O boy!
What I want is a chance to enjoy
My hard-earned pelf.

I don't mind admitting I've got the hump;
I freely confess that I'm tired of bump—
Of bumping off those
Who, most misguidedly, interfere
With my work as a baron of bootleg beer,
And I seek repose.

And so to England I turn my face,
For it seems an elegant sorter place;
And I mean to try,
If suitable terms I can arrange,
To make coin honestly (for a change)
As an actor guy!

Say, folks, what's all this bunk that's being peddled your side of the herring pond about "Spike"? As soon as it was announced that I thought of coming to London as an actor the knockers got busy sayin' I'm not the sorter guy that's wanted in London, Eng.

What's li'l ole London got against "Spike"? What's it matter to youse folk if my gang has bumped off a few Chicago guys? Anyone would think to hear some mutts talk that bumping off bootleggers was "bad form," like shooting grouse out of season!

And you can take it from me that I've been just as much shot against as shooting. I'm known as one of the most copiously shot-at guys in the States, and that's sure saying a mouthful!

Believe me, folks, being a human target is a hellofer overrated pastime. There've been a darned sight too many funerals in Chicago, and sending wreaths for all the guys one puts on the spot becomes too goldarned expensive.

So I wanter give a miss to Chicago, rum and booty; and as a West End theatre mutt has offered me £3,000 per week, why shouldn't I come to London as an actor?

But instead of passing me the welcome mitt, some folks are spilling a mouthful about my being an undesirable character! Say, don't you read your own noosepapers? Haven't you seen what a sentimental Fleet Street sap said when he interviewed me a while back?

Said I had a great charm of manner, he did! Called my smile "irresistible," yes, *sir*! Compared me with some high-class English guy called Robin Hood! Does this sound as if I was "undesirable"?

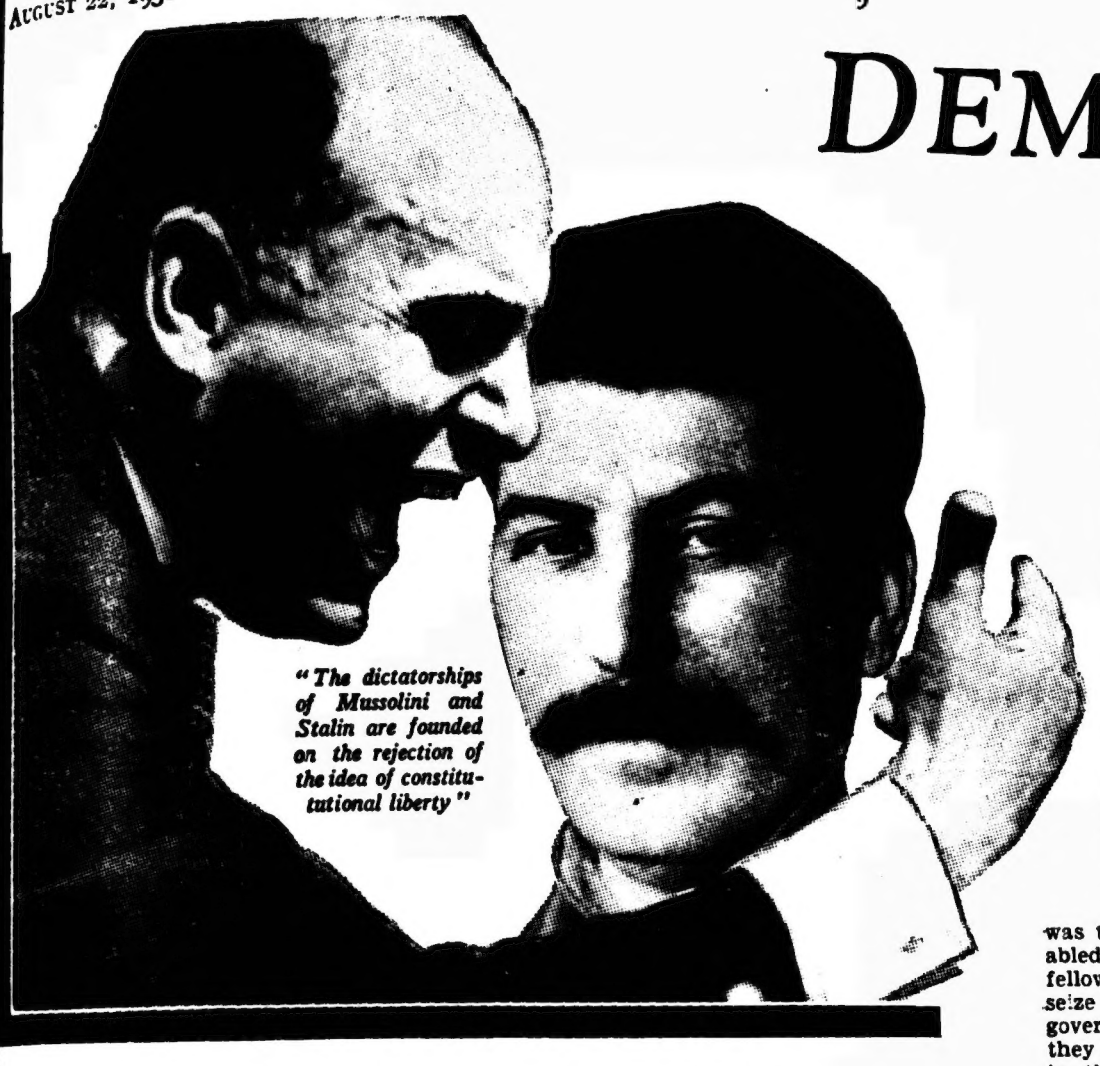
Admittedly I've flouted
The law for quite a while,
And many guys have outed—
But, sure, my winsome smile
Entitles me to get away
With things of that sort any day!

My really charming manner
Has helped me many a time
Since first when I began a
Prolonged career of crime—
Nobody ever used a gun
With such a pleasant sense of fun!

So let's forget old quarrels!
Why should youse folks feel sore?
If you don't like my morals,
My eyebrows you'll adore!
To England—if I get the chance—
I'll bring a breath of sweet romance!

DEMOCRACY IN THE Dock

by A. G. GARDINER



"The dictatorships of Mussolini and Stalin are founded on the rejection of the idea of constitutional liberty"

THE attack of the Hitlerites upon the German Government has failed, and for a brief space one of the many perils that beset Europe has passed. If the attack had succeeded constitutional government in Germany could hardly have survived.

The first step towards a dictatorship would have been taken, and the repercussions of that fact upon the whole European position would have been disastrous.

Democracy would have been overthrown in the most critical theatre, and France and England would both have been shaken to their foundations by the shock.

But though the danger has passed for the moment, it has not passed for good. The question whether democracy can survive in Germany, or indeed anywhere else, is still open.

It has been trampled under foot by one form of dictatorship in Russia and by another form of dictatorship in Italy. It has gone in Poland. It has gone, if it can be said ever to have existed, in Turkey. It has gone in Hungary.

All these countries are now subject to One Man Rule. The machine of government has been seized by the strong hand, and free institutions have been wiped out. Parliaments have either been shut up, as in Russia, or reduced to a sham as in Italy.

Freedom—for one

Liberty in all its forms has been obliterated. The Press has been muzzled and the public are only permitted to read what the dictatorship wishes it to read.

No organisation can exist without the sanction of the dictator. No man is free to criticise the despotism under which he lives.

If he does so in Italy he disappears to the unspeakable island prisons. If he does so in Russia, he disappears to the timber camps of Siberia.

Fundamentally, there is no distinction between the dictatorship of Stalin and the dictatorship of Mussolini. Both are founded on a contemptuous rejection of the idea of constitutional liberty.

The public has nothing to do with government except to obey it. The individual has no rights—not even the right to complain.

So far the challenge of dictatorship has been kept at bay in Western Europe. Germany, France, Britain and the Scandinavian countries are still a solid block of democratic institutions.

Tottering parliaments

Whether monarchies or republics, their governments are founded on constitutional principles. The people are self-governing. They elect the Parliaments and through the Parliaments control the executives.

But the position is insecure. It is most immediately insecure in Germany, where the fatal policy of France ever since the war has destroyed the prestige of Parliamentary government, and has driven the people into the arms of the extremists, who want to destroy constitutional government and set up a dictatorship.

If the extremists were all of one mind they might by this time have succeeded. But they are split into two camps.

The Hitlerites want a dictatorship on the Mussolini model; the Communists want a dictatorship on the Stalin model. And the two factions hate each other more virulently than they hate the Parliamentary Government they both seek to destroy.

It is this fact rather than the strength of the Government itself which saved it from overthrow in the recent trial of strength in Prussia.

The attack was led by Hitler and the Nazis, and the Communists finally stayed away from the poll rather than help to win a victory which would have gone to the credit of the rival faction.

Out of chaos comes—

But, in spite of this, the vote was sufficiently formidable to show how near Germany is to the brink of a Communist or Fascist revolution. Another turn of the screw from outside and she may be "over the top."

It is idle to say that her people are not Communists or Fascists. The people of Russia were not Communists. They are not Communists to-day.

It was the chaos into which Russia was thrown that enabled Lenin and his fellow conspirators to seize the machine of government, and once they had the machine in their hands they had the people at their mercy.

Such a *coup* would be more difficult in a highly organised country like Germany. It would be more difficult especially because Hitlerites and Communists to some extent cancel each other out.

But if they combine to destroy democracy they can do so, in the hope of destroying each other after.

That was what happened in Russia. The Octobrists fell before Kerensky and the Mensheviks. And Kerensky fell before Lenin and the Bolsheviks.

Hitler may upset the Republic, only to find he has paved the way for the Communists, who have behind them all the resources of Moscow.

If democracy falls in Germany it will fall because Europe, and especially France, has doomed it to fall by destroying the Republic's power to resist its internal foes.

And if it falls in Germany, the effect will not stop at the Rhine or even at the Channel.

Democracy condemns

Democracy and constitutional government are on trial here as they are everywhere.

They are not surviving the ordeal well. Never was the prestige of Parliament so low and never was its efficiency as a governing institution so seriously questioned as it is to-day.

It has brought the country dangerously near financial catastrophe, and it stands to-day apparently helpless before that catastrophe. It is helpless because the very conditions of democracy prescribe its helplessness.

We are confronted with the certainty of a Budget deficiency of terrifying dimensions and the most ominous warnings of financial peril. Only desperate remedies, applied ruthlessly, can avert that peril.

But Parliament, terrorised by fears of the popular vote, is incapable of action. It sets up committee after committee to tell it what to do and how the country can be saved.

And when the committees report, it throws its hands up in helpless despair and declares that nothing can be done, because if it is done the electorate will damn the Government for doing it.

Afraid of the people

There is not a responsible member of the Cabinet, nor a responsible leader of any other Party, who does not know what the emergency requires, but they are all paralysed by fear of the democracy.

They will not take the risk of losing their jobs or of sacrificing their hopes of jobs by telling the country frankly that it is on the road to perdition and that nothing but a right-about-turn will save it from disaster.

In its fear of democracy, Parliament is in danger of destroying democracy.

I believe that this craven fear of the people is as mistaken as it is fatal.

I have sufficient confidence in the good sense of this country to believe that if the naked truth were told in Parliament and the urgent remedies were applied by Parliament the overwhelming mass of the people would accept, not cheerfully, but courageously, whatever sacrifices were involved.

Sink them—and save

Those sacrifices will have to be accepted in the end, whether we choose or not, and the longer they are delayed the heavier they will be.

It is because I do not want to see democracy perish by its own hand, and Parliamentary government trampled on by dictatorships of the Right or the Left, that I call on all Parties to suspend their feuds in the face of this unprecedented emergency.

The present Government has proved its incapacity to deal with the peril. An election at this moment is unthinkable.

A National Government is needed for the national crisis into which we are plunged.

MAKE IT SAFE!

Cover yourself under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance before you go on holiday.

Registered readers will continue to be insured on their holidays in Great Britain, Ireland, Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, the only condition being that in the event of a claim arising, they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away and that before leaving home they instructed their newsagent to recommence delivery immediately on their return. Registration Forms will be found on page 34.

SEASIDE LOTHARIO'S CHEQUE FRAUDS

Dicketts (inset) once posed as a master of foxhounds. Now his dupes are in full cry after him

LET us introduce you to a rogue of many parts. He calls himself Mr. Dudley Warren, and passes variously as a company manager, an American film magnate, a British officer, a publicity agent, a ranch owner, theatrical entertainer, and the Continental representative of American business houses.

He recently motored into Eastbourne and engaged a room at one of the leading hotels, giving his address as Harrington Gardens, London, W.

"A regular fellow"

For some days he was quite a distinguished figure in the hotel. He seemed to have an elaborate wardrobe, always dressed for dinner, and generally achieved popularity with his fellow guests.

The story he told was to the effect that he was a director of a large London firm, and this seemed to be borne out by the intimate manner in which he discussed his business affairs.

When he had been in Eastbourne nearly a week, he hurried into the manager's office to say that he had been summoned back to London on urgent business and would have to leave at once.

While his bags were being carried to his car, Mr. Dudley Warren called impressively for his account. When it was produced, he tendered a cheque made out in favour of himself for £49 odd, and signed "J. Willis." It says much for his plausibility that this cheque was cashed without question, and he was handed a substantial sum in change.

Dudley Warren then drove away in great style, saying how comfortable he had been and assuring the hotel manager that he would be sure to stay there again on his next trip to Eastbourne.

He had not been gone long, though, before a series of disquieting developments took place.

R.D. luck!

In the first place, the £49 cheque came back dishonoured by the bank, and enquiries brought out the fact that several other cheques that Warren had passed during his brief stay in Eastbourne had been similarly returned.

When the victims came to compare notes, it was discovered that all the cheques had been drawn on the same bank, and had, in fact, been taken from a book stolen in Westcliff-on-Sea.

Meanwhile, all efforts to trace Mr. Dudley Warren at Harrington Gardens, London, W., had failed. Nothing was known of him there beyond the fact that many people had been anxiously enquiring for him.

Among his victims in Eastbourne were several tradespeople, who had supplied him with various goods, though there were others, too, who had advanced him money in return for his waste-paper cheques.

One victim is a local jeweller, who supplied Dudley Warren with an exquisite gold cigarette case. Learning that Warren was in residence at one of the leading hotels, and impressed by his appearance and manner, this jeweller foolishly accepted a cheque which, needless to say, came back from the bank like all the others.

This we may mention is one of Dudley Warren's favourite tricks, and on occasion he has even posed as a representative of a wholesale jewellery establishment in order to obtain various valuables "on approval."

He is a man who travels extensively, and many people in Southend-on-Sea are anxiously enquiring for him to-day.

One is a lady who owns considerable property in the district. She knows Warren by the name of Richard Blake, and when she first met him she believed him to be a director of a certain company which was shortly to yield large profits.

His forty names

Warren, alias Blake, told her, in fact, that he had invested heavily himself, and induced her to hand him a cheque so that he could secure some of the gilt-edged shares for her.

Once he had obtained this money, he did his favourite disappearing trick, and the woman has now discovered that no shares were ever purchased in her name, and that Warren, alias Blake, simply cashed the cheque and put the money into his pocket.

Similar complaints are arising on all sides, so the moment is opportune for unmasking this very ingenious rascal, whose real name is Walter Arthur Charles Dicketts.

Though only thirty-two, he has an amazing record, and has operated in more than forty aliases. This is not the first time he has come under our notice, for we exposed him in these columns in June, 1929, after he had duped the father of a sixteen-years-old girl and induced the latter to run away and marry him. Providentially she was eventually restored to her family; but older women have been taken in by Dicketts' plausibility.

He has changed his name and methods so often that a good many people would not identify him from the above facts, but here are a few of his aliases, which may be familiar to others:—

Richard A. Dicketts.
Major R. M. Carberry.
Col. Woodhouse.
Captain A. Wentworth.
Arthur Mills.
Captain George Washington.

He has led a life of crime for the past ten years. Leaving home at fourteen, he joined the R.N.A.S. and rose during the War to the rank of captain in the R.A.F.

He was cashiered in 1921, after being convicted for fraud, but he has not hesitated to draw upon his flying experiences when relating plausible stories to regale prospective dupes. But these stories have been coloured by accounts of imaginary crashes, and he has been careful to keep the shady part of his career a secret.

In one rôle or another he has contrived to live entirely by his wits, and his victims are even to be found in France and Austria.

While he has proved adept in passing worthless cheques, he has specialised in all kinds of frauds, including employment-with-investment and forgery.

A year ago he set himself up in Market Harborough as a master of foxhounds, and, renting a house for the season, proceeded to swindle numerous local tradespeople and others in a hunting scheme.

More women victims

On June 25, 1930, Dicketts was sentenced by Mr. Hay Halkett at Marylebone Police Court on various charges of fraud, but that this did not have any salutary effect is evident from the fact that he was operating as brazenly as ever a few weeks after his release, and even returned to Southend, the scene of one of his most notorious escapades!

It was there that he first duped the sixteen-years-old girl: and the first dupe he secured on leaving jail was also a woman!

PEPPER, THE RED-HOT HOAXER

DANIEL PEPPER is a dapper, bald-headed man with an exceptionally glib tongue. Many people have listened to his tales to their ultimate regret, and he is at present touring the country and securing fresh dupes at every town he visits.

His favourite pose is that of an expert auctioneer, so his glibness does not arouse any suspicion.

* * *

At Hinckley recently he engaged rooms in a boarding-house, and told his landlady that he was visiting the district in order to conduct some special auction sales.

He actually boasted of his prowess as an auctioneer, and laughingly confided that he was known to his colleagues as "Old Pep," so brisk and fiery was he when on the rostrum.

A few days later his landlady and the other guests were finding new nicknames for him, and they were far from being complimentary.

For "Old Pep" had vanished in the night, leaving his bill unsettled and taking with him every article of value he could conveniently pocket.

* * *

He has repeated coups of this character at Northwood, and elsewhere.

The stories he tells vary very little, but on occasion he has changed his name to "Daniels" and "Townsend."

That he is certainly a brisk traveller will be appreciated when we say that his unsavoury record extends to places as far afield as Dublin, Exeter, Bristol, and Bishop's Stortford.

Just Blarney!

THE Irish Charm Society, of 92, Gray's Inn Road, London, is offering four-leaf shamrock charms at prices ranging from 1s. 3d. to 12s. 6d.

"Why be unlucky any longer?" it asks. "Why not get among the really fortunate ones? Do not attempt anything until you are the possessor of the Famous Four-Leaf Lucky Charm."

A Sheffield reader who forwarded 1s. 3d. in good faith has received a crudely-fashioned trinket that is not worth a farthing!

He is rightly indignant, especially as the Irish Charm Society exhorts him to pass on circulars to his friends.

If he secures twelve orders he is promised a gold charm, but naturally he would not dream of letting his friends throw their money away.

Finally, insult is added to injury by the inclusion of an invitation to send further cash to a Competition Solutionist named Herbert Tremayne, who can help to win big prizes.

When we reveal that Mr. Herbert Tremayne's is the same address as the Irish Charm Society it will be seen who gets all the luck that is going.

Major-General
SIR
WYNDHAM
CHILDS'
Weekly
Informations

CRUEL Savings-Club SCANDAL

"Trusting miners (such as these) have been shamefully deceived"

IN the industrial areas of Great Britain there has been no more pleasing example of true co-operation than the manner in which workers have provided homes for themselves and each other.

The British workman makes his first real step to independence when he achieves the actual ownership of his house. He has done so in innumerable instances by joining with his fellows in building-clubs and the like.

These building-clubs have been particularly successful in South Wales, where countless mining families have, by mutual aid and thrift, become the freehold owners of their cottages.

A *broken trust*

It is, therefore, with regret and dismay that I have been collating the results of an enquiry by my Department into certain organisations of the kind which have been conducted by men of position and supposed repute.

I have found that trusting people have for more than a decade been shamefully and unscrupulously deceived and have now been brought to ruin.

Among them are widows, whose ages range from fifty to eighty-four. Others are men who have been unemployed for four and five years. All these people innocently parted with their life savings.

They are poorer to-day by at least £10,500, and for this dreadful loss to people who have slender means of existence I demand that two men shall be brought quickly to account.

These two individuals are Frederick Preece, an accountant, and Alec Stuart Cameron, an architect, both of Aberdare.

I will stress my charges of deception against Preece especially, but Cameron, it will be seen, must also be held culpable.

Slogan's lure

Twenty years ago, I find, Preece acted as secretary to a number of genuine building-clubs, all properly registered and governed by committees of workmen. He had no part in the handling of the money.

One by one these clubs served their purpose, and were wound up to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Then Preece with Cameron emerged as the promoter of new and larger clubs to carry on the slogan—"Cottages for Colliers."

Approaching the investors in the early clubs whose money had been returned to them, he persuaded them to reinvest it in the new organisations.

There was no reason why he and his colleague should not be trusted. Cameron was an architect and Preece himself was auditor—he held the post until a few months ago—of one of the great South Wales coal-owning groups.

So money came freely to the building-clubs which the couple had launched.

Delving into the early history of the clubs, I cannot find that they have ever issued more than one balance sheet. Even that was false, because the bank overdraft was represented to be only one-third of what it actually was.

All money was paid by the investors to Preece, who gave them promissory notes signed by himself and Cameron. They probably felt greater security because the money was always handed over at the offices of the famous colliery firm of which he was auditor.

Fictitious clubs

From beginning to end Preece handled all the money that came into the clubs, although cheques were also signed by Cameron.

It was natural that from time to time the investors should ask Preece about the progress of the clubs. Always they were assured that they were financially healthy, membership was steadily increasing, and the building of miners' cottages was proceeding apace.

For fourteen years, until just over a year ago, the investors also continued to receive regularly the interest upon the money they had lent to the clubs for working capital.

How that interest came to be paid is a shocking story.

Let me reveal straight away that it has now been discovered that the building-clubs never had any constitution, any rules, any treasurer, any registration, any members or any existence.

People who parted with money to Preece and Cameron have been cleverly and callously fooled for fourteen years.

This fact would have become publicly known some months ago but for a desperate throw made by these two highly placed men.

The crash looms

One of the clubs at that time had to meet a court judgment and could not do so.

Exposure was the inevitable consequence of non-settlement. To save this, Preece and Cameron induced an Aberdare tradesman whom they had taken in with them as a trustee of the supposed club to advance £4,000 to enable a composition to be paid to the creditors.

They undertook jointly to repay him £2,600 of the money, but they must have known well that they could not do so.

It is true that the two clubs did engage in certain property transactions. Here are two examples:

For £2,000 a shop was bought in Preece's name from a relative with the investor's money. When put in the market recently it fetched £250.

Preece and Cameron joined company with a man named James, who has since died. He owned four shops, and the "club" bought them from him. It may have been a profitable deal for someone, but it has cost the poor investors £2,200.

But, as I have mentioned, interest continued to be paid to the investors until the crash was imminent.

This was simply done. It was paid by borrowing fresh money from other dupes.

In other words, the investors, unknown to them, had been living all these years on their own fat. Peter had been thoroughly robbed to pay Paul.

What happened, however, to the £10,500 which the wretched investors throughout the Aberdare valley have completely lost?

It was not used as they had supposed for building cottages for colliers.

Preece, sometimes with Cameron's approval, used it to gamble in stocks and shares.

They speculated with the investors' money in colliery, rubber and steamship shares and lost every penny.

The shares were bought and sold in Preece's name.

Now the two men are in bankruptcy.

But right up to the end the unfortunate investors, all people of humble station, were led to believe that their money was safe in the stone and lime of miners' homes. They were kept totally in the dark about the manner in which Preece and Cameron had frittered it away.

The excuse

Even when Preece and Cameron knew that their gamble with other people's money had failed they kept up the deception.

They wrote to their victims explaining, when the crash was inevitable, that interest could not be paid because of *heavy rates and taxes and difficulty in collecting rents!*

* * *

I think I have revealed enough to interest the appropriate authorities in this tragic sham.

Making DIAMONDS *at Home!*

BRITISH publishers complain that the public is reluctant to pay 7s. 6d. for a book, but an Indian firm has arisen with sufficient optimism to invite people in this country to send £3 in advance for a copy of a "voluminous work" known as "The Revealer."

This firm has the curious name of "The En-ci-ent Oracles," and its headquarters are at Malad, Bombay. It is now circularising advance printed matter in which the virtues of the volume are highly extolled.

"Revealer," we read, has waves of wonders on every page; it is a precious mine of sciences, mysteries, arts and industries, medical knowledge and general information.

There is a recipe for diamonds, for instance, consisting of a "simple and direct" method whereby anyone can make "the best diamonds" at home. An outlay of a shilling or two, it seems, will enable the manufacturer to turn out stones to match a diamond worth "a few hundred guineas."

Pearls, it appears, can be made at home with equal ease, when you know how, while the home manufacture of "semi-genuine gold" is described as a "most appealing industry."

After rising to such heights it is rather disappointing to find "The Revealer" troubling itself with such dull home products as soap, laundry blue and cement!

Of the medical section, which aims at making everyone a "Master of Medical Line," we prefer to say nothing, except that it dares to recommend "efficacious but cheap drugs" for diseases which should certainly not be tampered with by amateurs.

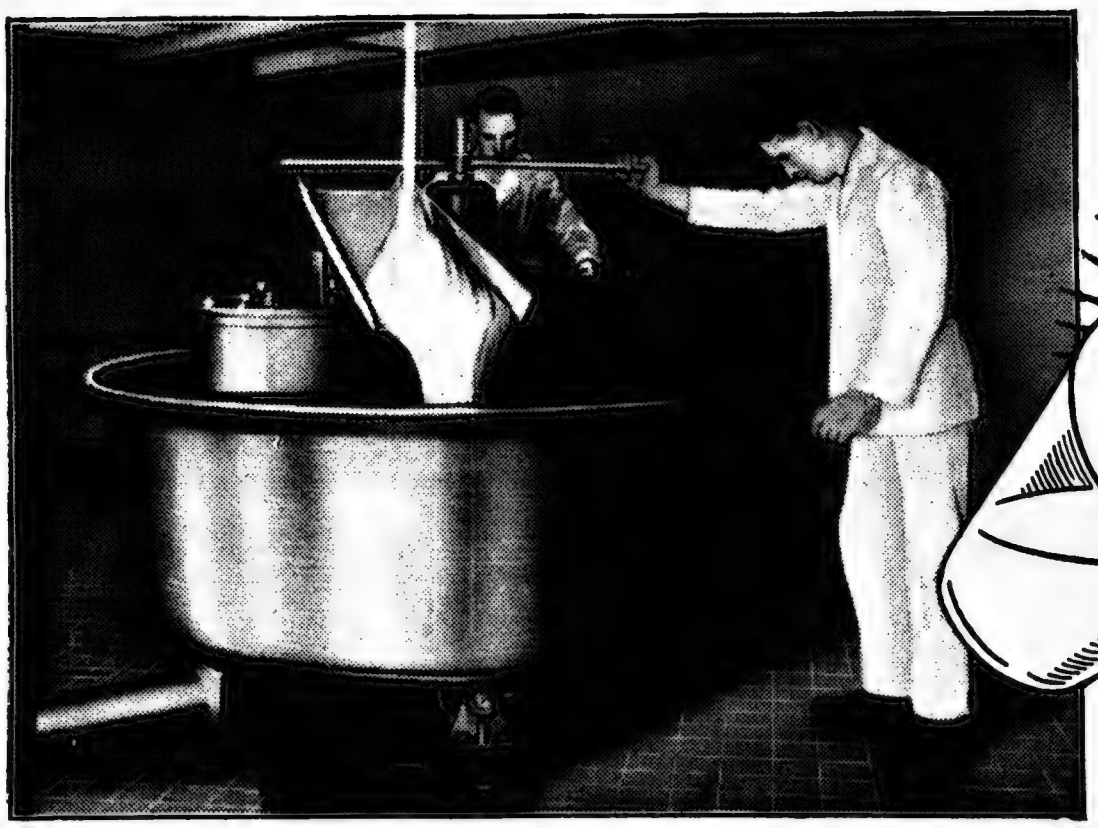
Other sections deal with spiritualism and a curious science known as "Zimpology," which is said to be allied with astrology, but "far beyond" it. Thus, a leading business man is said to have acquired prior knowledge of the exact date on which the Bank Rate was to rise through zimpology!

* * *

All this, of course, is so much bunkum. But it is set forth in the literature issued by "The En-ci-ent Oracles" with much detailed assurance.

"You will surely learn from 'Revealer' what you cannot otherwise ever learn!' is one proud declaration that appears in the printed matter. This we cannot dispute, but we sincerely hope no reader of this journal will waste his money.

CADBURYS explain how they put 1½ glasses of milk into every ½-lb block



In the Cadbury country dairies the surplus moisture of the fresh full-cream milk is driven away by a special process.

Only the rich goodness remains—fresh concentrated milk, with eight times the food value of ordinary milk. This milk is mixed with the chocolate within a few hours of leaving the farm.

That explains how there is a glass and a half of fresh milk in every ½-lb. of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. And that's why this famous chocolate is so delicious, so good——

—and that's why you'll say "I... WANT... CADBURYS"

A Mug-Catching TRIANGLE

A MERRY little game of "passing on the mug" is at present being played by certain ingenious individuals whose methods we here intend to expose.

The mugs are selected from aspiring authors, poets and song-writers, who are first attracted by announcements in the Press to the effect that stories, lyrics and poems are wanted for immediate publication."

An Edinburgh reader, who responded to an advertisement of this type, received a letter from the National Service Agency, of 165, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, intimating that a lyric he had submitted was "up to our usual standard."

* * *

By paying a registration fee of £1 1s.—half the usual fee!—he could secure the Agency's service, which would include free revision, preparation, and musical treatment.

The musical setting in this case would be furnished by a Mr. Leslie Protheroe, "the celebrated composer," who was said to be interested in the lyric to such an extent that he had already spoken of "acquiring" a revue artist to "render" the song.

On these assurances, our reader forwarded a guinea, and his next communication came from Leslie Protheroe, of 20, Rathbone Place.

The composer wrote in equally optimistic vein, expressing the view that the lyric was an excellent one.

The triangle was completed a little later with the arrival of a letter from James Reeds and Co., of 4, Vernon Place, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, notifying our reader that his song had been received by their music publishing department.

* * *

And now the first "snag" was revealed.

James Reeds and Co. was "ready to sign contracts for the publication of this number," but while a free melody had been furnished, full band parts and accompaniment would now be necessary.

These, they had ascertained from the composer, usually cost fifteen guineas, but in this instance, as James Reeds and Co. had accepted the number "for special release," he was prepared to write full parts to the publisher's requirements for six guineas.

The lyric-writer was therefore asked to put up this sum, though the publishers generously offered to accept £1 1s. down and the balance in monthly instalments.

The foregoing is a typical example of the methods practised by the National Service Agency, Leslie Protheroe and James Reeds and Co. in drawing mugs into their net.

We have quite a bulky dossier of cases which have been brought to our notice.

Enquiries have reached us from Birkenhead, Maidenhead, Old Colwyn; Redhill, Surrey; Northfleet, Waverree, Liverpool, and numerous other places.

One lyric-writer was told that Mr. Protheroe would accept £6 6s. instead of his usual £15 15s. because of "the brilliancy of the lyric."

One example of a James Reeds and Co. "number" is before us, and Mr. Leslie Protheroe's portrait graces the cover. For the quality of his setting we cannot vouch, but the refrain runs as follows:

Graces the cover

Dear Mother, you are my only girl;
Dear Mother, you are my only pal.
Your snow white hair is soft and nice,
After all you sacrificed.
When your days are o'er, and God takes you from me,
The love of my dear Mother will be in my memory.

Was it the "brilliancy" of this lyric that inspired Mr. Protheroe to write this setting, we wonder? Or was it the "greatly reduced" fee of six guineas?

AMAZING Stolen Husband OUTRAGE

Wilkins has been put away and may never see his little daughter again

AN able-bodied man, who earned his livelihood for thirteen years, is a mental prisoner in a British institution because, while temporarily unemployed, he was unable to meet an order for the maintenance of his wife and child.

To this awful pass has the liberty of the subject been brought by our lunacy administrators, whose tyrannical power seems to increase the more they fill the asylums of the country.

A young Somersetshire haulier, Henry Charles Wilkins, aged twenty-seven, of Milton, Weston-super-Mare, is the victim of this colossal official foolery.

He has been a captive now for twenty months, but the most dreadful aspect of the case is that the authorities appear to have made up their minds that he shall never be released.

They will not now even answer letters concerning him or the frightful blunder they have made.

Since he left school until just before these happenings, Wilkins had never been out of work, and all his employers testify convincingly to his character and ability.

It is true that he was backward at school and was generally regarded in the district as slow-witted. On the other hand, he was an undeniably good worker and fully capable of managing his own affairs.

When a spell of unemployment came it also brought friction into the Wilkins' home. One day there was a quarrel between the young couple, and Mrs. Wilkins, with their baby girl, left her husband.

She went to the local court, as she now admits, while she was still in a mood of anger, and there she applied for an order against Wilkins for her own and her child's maintenance.

She was granted one at the rate of 13s. weekly.

Three weeks later, on her complaint that the order had not been complied with, two policemen arrested Wilkins and he was brought before the justices.

He told them that he had no means or income of any kind and could not possibly pay the money.

So the magistrates, having no option, told him he would have to go to prison.

Amazing conference

Then Wilkins' mother stepped forward and paid the three weeks' arrears. That officially disposed of the case.

Mother and son were about to leave the court when an astonishing set of events began. Brought to the police-court to figure in a simple maintenance case, Wilkins did not, in fact, leave it until he had been officially branded as a mental deficient.

One of the woman justices, who knew all the circumstances of this case, called back Mrs. Wilkins and her son and they were taken to a private room.

There then followed one of the most amazing discussions which has ever taken place in the precincts of a court.

To Mr. Wilkins the magistrate, with the very best intentions, pointed out that as long as he was unable to comply with the order issued for his wife and child he was in constant risk of being sent to jail.

To Mrs. Wilkins the magistrate propounded a scheme whereby this risk could be avoided.

It was that Mrs. Wilkins should sign a document consenting to her son—an adult married man with a family remember—being sent to an institution in Somersetshire for a few months.

There, the magistrate explained, he would also be relieved of the anxiety of his unemployment and in a short time would benefit immensely from special care and treatment.

All that was necessary was that a doctor should also sign a certificate with the mother.

A doctor was conveniently accessible and he duly obliged. He asked Wilkins how many days there were in the month, and if he knew what a half-crown and a dollar were.

It must be borne in mind that it was a man of twenty-five, the father of a family, who was being subjected to this farcical questioning.

The Wilkins are simple, rustic people. The mother signed the document and her son was taken away for the supposed rest-cure.

He found himself incarcerated in a poor-law institution at Shepton Mallet amid a colony of half-wits and imbeciles.

Part of the "special care and treatment" provided for Mr. Wilkins was his appointment as mortuary-keeper of the institution.

Pig attendant

He had to scrub the mortuary daily, carry into it from the wards the bodies of patients who died, and guard them until the burial.

Now he has been transferred to another institution at Flax Bourton, Bristol, and there he has been appointed to take charge of the pigs and pigsties.

The assurance that the period of "care and treatment" would only be for a few months was quite worthless.

The truth is that, however kindly and well-meaning are the intentions of local justices, when they put people away in institutions they thereafter lose all authority.

They can put them in, but cannot take them out.

That power rests solely with the bureaucratic tyrants of the Board of Lunacy Control in London, who never release their grip on a captive until they are compelled.

They refuse to give Wilkins his liberty.

What part, it may be asked, did Mrs. Wilkins, the young wife, play in these events?

The answer is startling. She was never consulted in the matter.

All the time her husband was at the police-court she was only a few hundred yards away, but she was not sent for or even informed of the extraordinary course which was then in contemplation.

Wife ignored

Wilkins had actually been three days inside the institution before she learned the fact from village gossip!

Her letters of challenge to the authorities about their astounding and improper treatment of her husband are ignored.

We are aware that the Board of Lunacy Control is so mighty that it is responsible to no Government department. But this is obviously a case in which the Home Secretary should disregard them and order the immediate release of Wilkins.

I EAT WHAT I LIKE

NO MORE GASTRITIS

ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077), popularly known as "White Lions."

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Price 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with directions.

Below are examples of Shadforth Prescriptions most in use at this season of the year. Sufferers who have never tried Shadforth Prescriptions will be well repaid if they do so without delay.

In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions, to-day, are prescribed by the world's best doctors. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a high-class chemist guarantees the quality of these excellent prescriptions.

NEURASTHENIA

and Nervous Breakdown

Absent-Mindedness, Loss of Memory, Debility, Depression, Lassitude.

You can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia are conditions and not diseases. The **Shadforth Neurasthenia Prescription (No. 470)** acts like magic. You are brighter in an hour and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices: **1/9** (25), **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100), and **17/-** (300 tablets). This can be taken alternatively with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days, and so on.

(See Opposite)

BACKACHE, LUMBAGO

For backache nothing is better than this tablet, composed of: Potas Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil, and Copaiba. This prescription stimulates the kidneys and has a soothing antiseptic effect on the Bladder. The methylene blue kills pain, it colours the urine blue. Dose: 1 or 2 thrice daily. **Shadforth Prescription (No. 40).** Prices: **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 tablets).

CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices: **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

BRIGHT EYES AND LOVELY COMPLEXIONS

World's Best Triplex Beauty Treatment

Your face and skin are nourished, preserved and beautified by **Shadforth (Medicated) Milk of Sulphur Soap (No. 1,064).** Costs **1/3.**

For redness, roughness and blemishes, apply **Complexion Tonic Lotion** after washing, twice daily. Costs **2/6** and **5/-.** Prescription No. 785.

For Acne or Blackheads, Spots, Pimples and Sallow Skin and Dull Eyes, you need internal treatment in addition. This is provided in **Complexion Tonic Tablets.** They act like magic. Prescription 442. Cost **1/9** (72), **3/3** (144), and **9/-** (432 tablets).

Complete "Beauty" Trial Course, **6/-.** Full Course, **17/-.**

HEART and Nerve TROUBLE?

PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF

HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion, it's overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic (No. 632)** will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription and be normal in a few days.

Prices: **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), **13/-** (432 pills).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your falling-to-pieces feeling.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Causes Arterio-Sclerosis and Strains the Heart

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary, and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. **"Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment** for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. (Prescription No. 1,102/T).** Prices: **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE

TONIC

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 pills).

SCIATICA-NEURITIS

Painful Nerve-Sheath Inflammation.

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatic-Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro,"** the new pain-killer **(No. 283).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices: **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

CATARRH

Colds and Influenza, Cold in the Nose, Bronchial Cough

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest, and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Prices **2/6, 4/6, 8/6** and **13/-.**

BLADDER COMFORT

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS.

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300 pills).

SLIMMING

THE SHADFORTH DOUBLE-DUPLEX TREATMENT (No. 575/DD). Comprises

(1) Special Compound of Seaweed in pill form to be taken before meals. (Price **2/6** and **4/6** per box.)
(2) Marienbad Salts, to be taken in the morning and before meals. (Price **1/6** and **3/-** per package.)
(3) A Special Fat Reducing Massage Cream. (Price **2/6** and **4/6** per jar.)
(4) A Special Ox Gall Soap for removing the fat from the skin. (Price **1/3** per tablet.)

This simultaneous four-fold attack is remarkably successful. The complete four-fold treatment, with directions, costs **7/6** (2 weeks' treatment), and **14/6** (4 weeks' treatment). Each item is supplied separately if desired.

FREE with every First Order

ANY *ONE* BOOK (PUBLISHED 2/6) from the SHADFORTH HEALTH LIBRARY as BELOW.

Your order must be for not less than five shillings' worth of the medicines or toilet articles mentioned in this advertisement.

Each of these volumes comprises 92 pages packed with medical information invaluable in the home.

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A.187 **"DERANGEMENTS of the ABDOMINAL ORGANS."** Treating of the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, etc.
A.188 **The "NERVOUS and CIRCULATORY SYSTEMS."** Dealing with Heart Troubles, Nerves and the Veins.
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The medicines may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines together with this coupon, and the book selected will be forwarded post free by return.

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John Bull, August 22, 1931

All these prescriptions are obtainable post free at these special prices from

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49 (J.B. 109), King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4,

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Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Squires, Lewis and Burrows, Gamages, Parkes, and all the best chemists stock, or gladly obtain to order at short notice if requested to do so. In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return post from Mr. Shadforth.

THE MAN Between the Millstones

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

EVERY day in one of London's busiest streets you will find, standing in the gutter, a middle-aged man selling matches and bootlaces. He is shabby, but through his shabbiness peers the faded ghost of gentility.

On his head is a felt hat that has known better days; round his neck is a collar that was once white, frayed sadly at the edges now. A black tie, turning rusty-hued with age and tied in a neat bow, stamps its owner as a man who is still desperately clinging to the last shreds of respectability.

Round his neck hangs a placard—which few of the hurrying throng ever pause to read. "I am a chemist," it says, "but I am unable to get work. This is my last hope of earning a living."

His story is simple — tragically simple. A skilled man, he was for many years employed in a small factory, earning—if not a fortune—at least enough to keep his wife and child in reasonable comfort. Two years ago his firm was beaten out of existence by the trade slump.

No "dole" for these

There were no vacancies—though he wore his boots to pieces tramping for miles in search of a job.

Things got worse and worse. His small savings vanished. To-day he and his family are facing virtual destitution—for there is no "dole" for him. He was never eligible to qualify for unemployment benefit since he was God help him—earning too much. Can you sense in any way the biting irony of such a situation?

There are various guesses as to the total number of unemployed in America. Some say there are four millions. Some say the total is as high as ten millions. Meanwhile we take what comfort we can from the fact that we know how many unemployed we have, and that the total has not yet reached three millions.

Do we know? Have we the remotest idea of the number of silent tragedies going on in thousands of little middle-class homes where for months and often for years the breadwinner has been out of work?

Many of them have been clerks; they number among their ranks the representatives of nearly every profession—men who once held well-paid jobs from which they have been flung, through no fault of their own, into the maelstrom of despair and misery that is spelled by the words "out of work."

They can get no unemployment benefit, they cannot turn anywhere for relief. When their savings have gone—if they have any—or when they can no longer count on the support of friends and relatives who may be more fortunate than they, the only thing that waits at the end of their lonely road is the workhouse.

The truth is that the country is haunted to-day by a greater tragedy than it has ever known, a great and ever-growing army of penniless "Black Coats," men of education and culture, who have been brought to sheer penury by trade depression.

Only the other day a financial house in London closed its doors. One of its employees is a man of over fifty who has been with the firm for more than thirty years.

He is part of that great backbone of England, the stable, sober, law-abiding middle-class, who for years have been taxed to the bone to provide social services, relief and alleviation for their less fortunate fellows.

This particular man has acquired a neat little home in the suburbs, where, till the blow fell, he lived happily with his wife and three children.

To-day he himself has unwillingly joined the ranks of the less fortunate—but he is now even less fortunate than they: for he is ineligible for the "dole," nor can he tap any of the numerous sources of relief available for them. He has no savings—he could never afford to save, though he always managed to pay his way.

What he is going to do, what his wife and children are going to do, neither he nor anyone else knows. If ever there was black tragedy it is sitting to-day in that once happy home.

I know another home where, for the last three years, a wife and her husband have uncomplainingly supported her brother, who lost a well-paid clerkship through an amalgamation of two firms.

A brave face on it

He has never since had the remotest chance of a job, though he is willing to do anything to save himself from slowly-creeping despair.

No one who is not conversant at first hand with this tragic army can have the least conception of the depths of misery in which these tormented souls are living.

And not the least pathetic side of the picture is the struggle they make to keep up the respectable appearance that was once part and parcel of their work—for they know only too well that once that has gone, then indeed their last hope has vanished too.

People like the Church Army know very well the extent of the tragedy that is sweeping over the country. "There are far more of these black-coated unfortunates than there were a year or two ago," said an official to me. "Many of them have been clerks, and the position is a very difficult one for them. It is hard for them to obtain work they are used to since so many young people leaving school are taking all the available clerical jobs.

"In some cases we can obtain employment for these people as servants and hotel workers, but they are really much worse off than labourers, because they have been in positions where they earned too much to qualify for unemployment pay.

Let them insure

"I know barristers and capable engineers in as urgent need of help as anyone, while there are almost endless numbers of small shopkeepers who have lost everything through the trade depression."

And even this is only the vague shadow of the reality. Only the victims themselves know of the courage and the brave struggles turning slowly to despairing bitterness that lie hidden in outwardly prosperous homes.

One man—still young—tried for months to get the work his self-respect craved. He tried in vain—and one day he was found dead by his own hand.

Surely we are not yet so poverty-stricken as a nation that we must perforce suffer these tragedies to continue and grow without the slightest effort being made to avert them?

Surely we can awaken before it is too late to a realisation that it is the very lifeblood of the nation that we are allowing to become anæmic?

The Committee on National Expenditure recommends that the scope of Unemployment Insurance shall be extended to cover those in receipt of incomes up to £400 a year.

It is not a new suggestion, and had it been made effective when it was first proposed there are many thousands of Englishmen who to-day would at least have seen some possibility of sheer existence instead of facing a future that promises nothing but the appalling question of how long they can hold out.

At any rate, it is certain that until we build round these helpless victims of economic disorder some sort of bulwark against the bogey of sheer starvation we have left an elementary duty unperformed.

Waiting at the window to see her husband return from his daily search for work

Homely Wisdom—
by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Losing LOVE

N Sir James Barrie's play, "What Every Woman Knows," the central idea is that of the wise conduct of a wife who is in danger of being cut by another woman when her husband begins to get on in the world. The husband is not a man of quick perceptions, nor has he much sense of humour. He takes himself very seriously and has plenty of conceit; it never occurs to him that he owes most of his success in life to the woman he married.

He never tells him so, for she loves him too well to want to humiliate him. But when he becomes an important person, and she and a fashionable lady are in love with each other, what does the shrewd little wife do?

Go into tantrums, and scream, and faint, and protest, mortifying his self-esteem by claiming to have made him the man he is?

Not at all: she raises no objection. On the contrary, she flings him and the other woman together as much as she can, and does not allow either of them to suspect that her own feelings are wounded in the slightest degree.

The result is that before very long the husband and the interloper are completely tired of each other and disillusioned. He wants to get back to the wife on whom he is so completely dependent, and the other woman finds the exacting and does not want to be bothered with him any more. So the whole tangle gets smoothed out and all is well.

Apparently "what every woman knows" is that men need managing for their own good, but must not be allowed to know it.

I am not sure that in real life Sir James Barrie's recipe for the recovery of alienated affections would always work; but the principle is right, that angry resistance does much more harm than good when one we love ceases to be loyal.

This applies to the relation of parent and child as much as to that of husband and wife, and it rules also as between friends.

It is a fatal mistake to indulge in recrimination when things are going wrong in the home or a hitherto happy friendship shows signs of coming to an end.

The loss is hard to bear, and perhaps nothing can avert it.

The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one;
But the light of a whole world dies
When love is done.

But you are much more likely to win out if you do not quarrel and make scenes. These only aggravate the situation and tend to hasten the very thing that is dreaded.

Your wayward boy or girl may fully deserve the severe words you want to utter, but it is seldom wise to utter them. The youngsters know as well as you that they are behaving badly.

Speak to them quietly and kindly. Show them that you are thinking of them and not of yourself; appeal to what is good in them; and if you do not prevail now you probably will in the long run.

With anyone worth loving, patience is ever better than strife; and home truths are seldom resented if you say them with a smile.

A CONFESSION

by the manufacturers of De Reszke Cigarettes

When we decided to include in our advertisements a somewhat casual mention of the new D. R. Minors at 10 for 4d., we confess we did not foresee how immediate and how insistent would be the demand.

We had not realised that there were quite so many smokers who wanted a 'brief-time' cigarette of De Reszke quality, made of precisely the same high-grade tobacco as the larger De Reszke Virginias.

Now we know better, and are prepared to cope with any demand.

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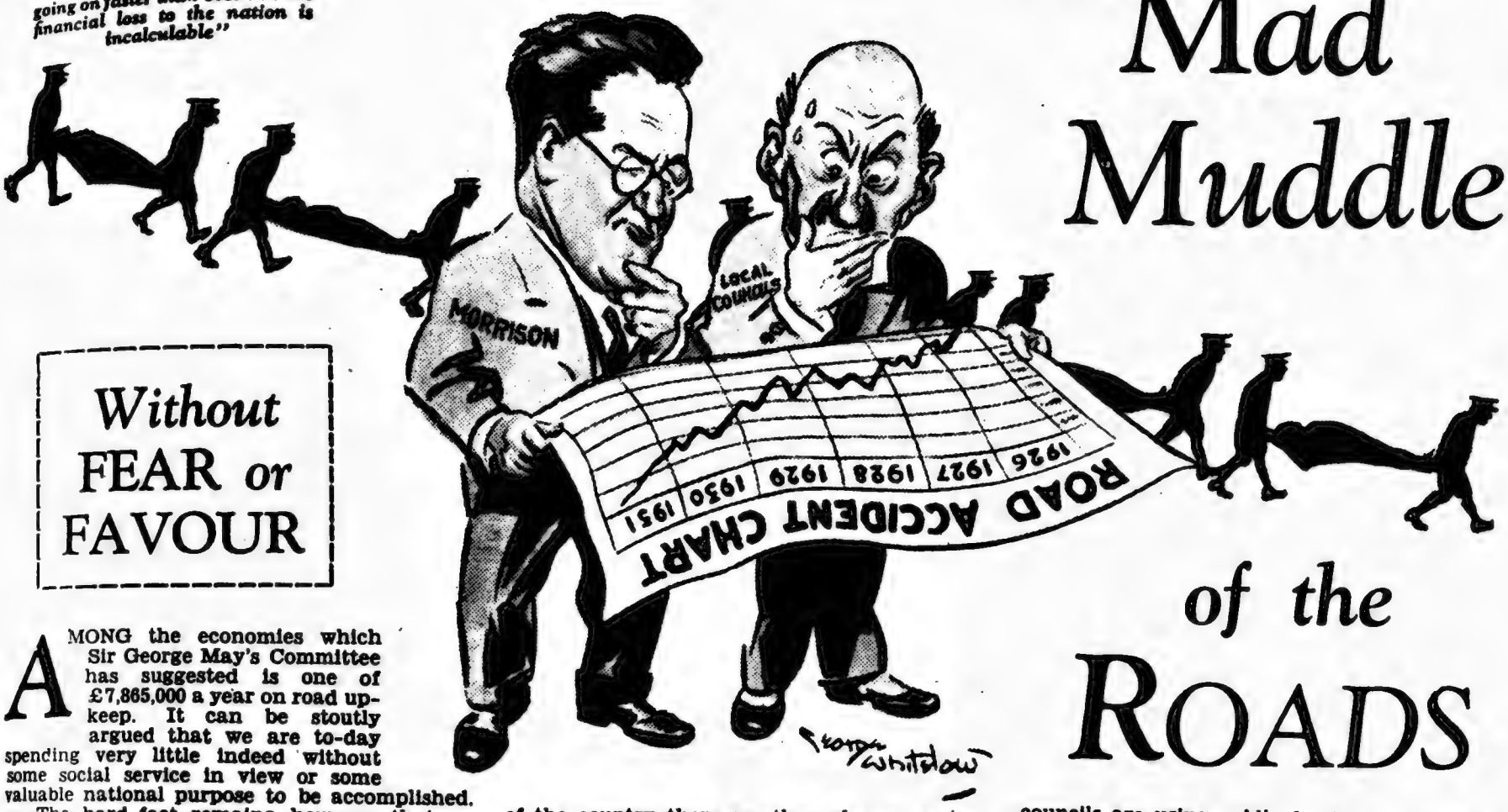
De Reszke Americans 20 for 1/6 — *Plain or 'Ivory'-tipped* — *De Reszke Virginias 20 for 1/-*

For those who prefer Turkish—De Reszke 'Turks,' 20 for 1/-

"The slaughter of innocents is going on faster than ever . . . the financial loss to the nation is incalculable"

THE Mad Muddle of the ROADS



Without FEAR or FAVOUR

AMONG the economies which Sir George May's Committee has suggested is one of £7,865,000 a year on road upkeep. It can be stoutly argued that we are to-day spending very little indeed without some social service in view or some valuable national purpose to be accomplished.

The hard fact remains, however, that we *must* economise and, quite possibly, we can save money on road upkeep without causing any great handicap or injustice.

Our motorists have become accustomed to the finest road system in the world. If, in the future, they have to put up with a little jolting, they will no doubt learn to grin and bear it as their Continental colleagues have always had to do.

Accepting this as a fact, we should still like to suggest another possible economy, less obvious, but at least equally valuable—an economy in human lives. This economy would mean that we should have to spend rather more of our available funds on making the roads safe and, therefore, rather less on keeping them in such wonderful condition.

Considering the enormous volume of modern road traffic, a large toll of accidents is unavoidable, but there is also a high percentage of accidents which need never occur. Many of these could be prevented at a small cost with great financial benefit to the State.

* * *

First of all, let us consider these official figures. In 1930, 7,305 people were killed and 177,895 injured on the roads of Great Britain. Road casualties since the war total about one and a half millions. That figure includes upwards of 10,000 children killed. And the slaughter of the innocents is going on faster than ever.

Quite apart from the frightful human tragedy of these accidents, the financial loss to the nation is incalculable. Our hospitals, desperately hard put to it to cope with the ordinary risks of sickness and accidents, have to find £300,000 a year for the treatment of motor casualties alone. And that is only one item in the enormous total of the nation's direct and indirect loss in this hecatomb of the roads.

Mark the danger spots

OVER twenty deaths a day and nearly 500 non-fatal accidents—these are appalling figures—and if we could substantially reduce them we should certainly effect a tremendous economy.

A lot can be done without much expenditure. Only last week 20,000 men, employed by the County Councils and the Ministry of Transport, were stationed at 5,000 points on 30,000 miles of road to prepare detailed statistics of every passing vehicle.

At a fraction of the cost a few hundred chosen workers could prepare a report on all the death traps and danger spots which contribute to the frightful toll of accidents.

At intervals along the roads in all parts of the country there are these danger spots—points where refuges are urgently required, places where additional police are needed, and places where obstructions ought to be removed at once.

It will give force to this statement if we instance a few recent cases. For example, at the inquest, less than two weeks ago, upon Josephine Scott, a twenty-year-old Brighton girl, who was killed on the Great West Road near Brentford, it was stated that this was the twentieth time that an accident had occurred at this spot.

The obelisk which the car struck had been uprooted no fewer than seventeen times! Clearly here was a danger which should have been dealt with long ago.

A bridge of sighs

AGAIN, at a recent inquest, Dr. Waldo, the senior London coroner, said that he had made four enquiries in a single week into fatal accidents on the New Kent Road. He thought that the frequency of such accidents was due to the fact that the L.C.C. would not consent to splay the double set of tramlines in order to make traffic islands between them.

On the roads of Norfolk, exclusive of Norwich, Great Yarmouth and King's Lynn, there were fifty people killed last year and 1,346 injured. Judging from their reports, the local suveyors do not even know which roads are public and which are private.

* * *

A report recently issued by the Automobile Association in Nottingham warns motorists of a railway bridge south of Rawcliffe which is only eight feet high and is terribly dangerous in foggy weather. But it is only members of the A.A. who have received this warning. This bridge ought, clearly, to be made safe for all.

And, again, a dangerous bend in the road at Ganowby Hill in East Yorkshire was the cause of a collision between a motor-coach and a saloon car, causing the death of both drivers and injuries to seventeen passengers.

These are recent instances taken at random. Ask any motorist, from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and he will most certainly tell you of danger spots in his own district which could easily be made safe or eliminated.

In addition to the comparatively simple and urgently necessary work to be done in removing these local death traps, there are other more general methods which local councils or the Ministry of Transport might well adopt to make the roads safe for all classes of users.

We would draw particular attention to the danger of roads which carry heavy traffic but have no footpaths. In many instances county councils are using public funds to "improve" the roads and, in the process of widening, they are sacrificing the paths and grass tracks used by pedestrians. This is a wrong and dangerous practice.

Again, many charabanc and motor-coach routes are being diverted from the main roads into by-roads which are, for the most part, too narrow to be safely used by such large vehicles. No charabanc route should be authorised unless there is ample room for charabancs to pass each other at every point on the road.

* * *

To make this a little clearer, we may instance the fact that in Devon and Cornwall there are miles of roads along which the hedges brush the windows of the coaches as they pass through.

The average width of these coaches is seven feet six inches. It follows that when one meets another in a second-class road only sixteen feet wide any pedestrian or cyclist would be forced right into the hedge to escape disaster.

The "blind corner" is another form of death trap all too frequent on British roads. Where it would cost a great deal of money to remove obstructions, we ought, perhaps, to be content with prominent warning notices.

But in many instances clear vision for both lines of traffic could be secured at trifling cost by cutting down hedges or removing garden walls and substituting railings. Here is work which ought to be done without delay.

Blindly to disaster

MANY other simple and relatively inexpensive measures could be taken to lessen the perils of the road. We have not space to deal with them here, but we particularly commend to the attention of the Minister of Transport the question of giving priority to all main road traffic.

At present, not only in London and other great cities, but in many country districts as well, there is nothing to tell motorists whether they are in a main or secondary traffic stream. Every cross-road is an obstacle and an anxiety.

If there were notices on the side roads warning all traffic of the main road crossings, a fruitful source of danger would be removed.

* * *

We are well aware that economies must be effected. We urge, however, that the necessary cuts should be made in road construction and road surface maintenance.

It would be the height of folly to economise in road safety, and, as we have here shown, there is good reason to believe that a little wise expenditure in this direction would be amply repaid in money cost to the taxpayer and in tragedies averted.

ROMANCE of the TRAMPING ARMY

THIS is the season for those wayfarers who travel on foot—the tramp season.

Not the hikers who walk for pleasure, but the poor wayfarers who needs must walk because they can afford no other means.

Vagrants, wayfarers, tramps—they are called by various names, these men who travel the roads, looking for work, or plying precarious trades.

The number of wanderers seeking shelter in the casual wards of Public Assistance institutions—workhouses we used to call them—increases steeply during the latter half of July, and remains high during August and early September.

They are not dressed like holiday-makers; they wear the customary clothes of the workingman, or perhaps a strange and stained collection of odd garments. They do not carry rucsacks, but some there are with an old Army haversack, or just a plain bundle.

A roof—or not!

And others carry their few belongings in the pockets of an overcoat—the overcoat which must not be abandoned even in the warmest weather, for it must serve as raincoat, mattress or blanket, as occasion calls.

In one night during the season 12,000 wayfarers may be accommodated in the casual wards of this country. And this does not include the numbers who are able to pay for a bed in a lodging-house, nor those who prefer to pass the night in a haystack, a barn or deserted shed or house.

Who are they? Of what types does this moving population consist?

There are those who are looking for work. Many of them are miners who come from the depressed areas. They may be walking from Scotland, from the Durham coal-fields or from South Wales, where many pits are closed down.

They are seeking work somewhere—they do not really know where, but hope is hard to kill.

Then there are skilled men—mechanics, shipwrights, boilermakers, engineers. Perhaps they come from the Clyde or the Tyne. They also are lured on by the desperate will-o'-the-wisp hope that, somehow, somewhere, they may find that elusive job.

Some carry a few tools of their trade. Often you will find a wandering mechanic in some roadside garage, asking whether there is no work for him to do.

Carpenters will solicit casual jobs in large private houses, in the hope of making a shilling or two to help them on their way.

"Lured on by the will-o'-the-wisp hope that somewhere they may find that elusive job"—a wayfaring work-seeker tramps on—and dines at the end of the day

The Rev. F. L. Jennings, "the Tramps' Parson," said in an article in "John Bull": "The charge that the modern vagrant is workshy can be laughed out of court"

There is the itinerant sign-painter, carrying the tools of his craft. But he is not always looking for a regular job. He may find it easier to travel, doing a job here and there, than to settle down.

Some of these men have exhausted unemployed benefit. There are also some who have a "vacant ticket" which is issued by the Employment Exchange in the man's home town, and which enables him to sign the unemployed register at another place. Such tickets can be marked on, from place to place, enabling the traveller to remain in benefit.

Such a man, of course, may be able to pay for his bed in a lodging-house — if there is a lodging-house in the place where he must stop for the night. If there is not, there is only the casual ward. But, to enter that, he must be "destitute."

It may have been a merry life on the road, some time or other, but it is open to doubt. Rather is it a life of hardship and even, sometimes, of tragedy.

Among the most deplorable cases one encounters on the road are those of youths. Many of these young men, whose ages vary from eighteen to twenty-one, have never worked in their lives.

They have come to working age in those areas where severe depression prevails, and they have never had a chance of entering industry. They have taken to the road out of sheer boredom.

In other cases of young people, contributing causes have been an unhappy home life, a harsh or vicious father or stepfather. And sometimes it has been the terrible crowding of a large family into a small dwelling.

These youths are herded into casual wards or lodging-houses together with older men, some of whom are hardened professional tramps or criminals.

Another regiment in the army of the road consists of workers in casual or seasonal employment.

A jolly clan

For instance, there are the "big-job" navvies, the men who work on the construction of railway extensions, reservoirs, and other public works. These brawny specialists travel from one end of the country to the other, wherever a new big job is to open up.

The moleskin nomads form a tight and clannish federation among themselves. They usually have a shilling or two to pay for their "kip," and if not they can often secure it from other luckier brothers of the craft. They

The professional tramp sizes up a village from afar, for he begs his way —all the way

are healthy and very cleanly, and form a species of road aristocracy.

Fruit-picking, haymaking—these are other seasonal occupations which attract the wayfarer. Some of these are townspeople who leave the city each season for this work. But there are also wandering workers who avoid the towns and whose labours are confined solely to agriculture, in some branch or other.

Unsung records

Among the fruit-pickers may be noted the "wagon-tramps"—whole families of vagrants who travel from place to place, picking strawberries, raspberries, hops, as the seasons roll by.

Men in search of work will often cover extraordinary distances on foot. There are pedestrian records of which we have never heard, among this humble fraternity.

And do not let us forget that these walkers are not spurred on by cheering spectators. On the contrary, often they must face the sneers and contempt of the self-righteous who dub every man a "tramp" whom they meet on the road. Also, they must often walk in boots that sadly need repair; and at night may have to sleep in the open, or sheltered from the rain by a leaky shed or a railway culvert.

Are there no "tramps," no professional vagrants, in the old-fashioned sense?

Undoubtedly such do exist. The authorities are somewhat divided as to their number. In an investigation of 2,582 persons in casual wards it was stated that 28 per cent. were undoubtedly "habitual vagrants."

The real article

A Salvation Army enquiry into a group of men on the road found that 82 per cent. were genuinely seeking work and were prepared to go anywhere it could be found. But others estimate the number of "habituals" as higher.

The real tramp, of course, lives by begging. And, one thing we must remember, he does not live well. There is not much about the life to-day to attract any considerable number of men.

He begs his way, all the way. His first rule is never to neglect a chance. If you meet him on the road, he will ask for a cigarette, if for nothing else.

His food he obtains from kind-hearted women in working-class houses.

Your real professional never asks for a "lift." If a good-hearted lorry-driver stops and offers to pick him up, he will refuse—unless he has hopes of melting the driver's heart to the extent of a sixpence or so, or a drink at a wayside pub.

For why should the professional hurry? He is not going anywhere for any specific purpose.

The professional does not walk long distances, and looks with contempt upon the man who covers twenty or thirty miles a day. The average distance between one casual ward and another is twelve miles; and that is all that is necessary.

But there are professionals of another stamp. Trampdom has its aristocrats, as has every social division. There is your real experienced beggar, the "moocher" who has made an art of his calling. He is not dirty or badly dressed. His appeal lies in his neatness. Such a "moocher" often has his "line," his speciality.

Specialists

One will beg only from clergymen and other religious folk, and is a master of his "patter"; he can pretend to belong to any of the creeds.

There is the young, decently dressed beggar, well-spoken and with some education. He may be an "office-moocher," calling upon business men, with a plea for employment as a clerk or typist, and with such a sad tale that he is hardly ever sent away empty-handed.

Then there are the travelling hawkers or pedlars. Some of these are genuine enough, and really live by the sale of their wares. Others carry only a very small stock, their "Bible" as they call it—usually a cigar-box with a few packets of pins and half-a-dozen pairs of shoelaces—which is merely a cover for begging.

There are the "griddlers" and the "chanters." These are the itinerant musicians and singers of the highway. Before they enter the village they rest for a few moments, and then they proceed slowly down the street, singing their doleful song. Sometimes a tin whistle substitutes the voice in musical appeal. Away above the chanters stand the "buskers," who are real providers of entertainment. With a banjo or fiddle, and a good repertoire of songs, comic and sentimental, they will perform outside taverns or tea-houses for the amusement of citizens or holiday-makers.

Sometimes they travel in pairs, and can provide a complete evening's entertainment in some country inn, if the landlord gives consent. The gramophone and wireless have helped to thin the ranks of the buskers, but you may still meet them.

In the kitchen of the common lodging-house at night is where those tramps and wayfarers gather who are not forced to ask the hospitality of the casual ward.

The kitchen is also the sitting-room, dining-room and reading-room of the "lodge." A great coke fire is glowing and the vagrants are busy. Some are cooking meals—they have the free use of the utensils. Some may be washing or repairing their clothes.

There may be women tramps here, repairing their mates' clothing. A tramp cobbler is mending shoes, and thus earning a few coppers.

In one corner a party of "big-job navvies" are discussing famous jobs on which they have worked. Here is a sly and humorous pedlar going over his stock. And now a young beggar enters and produces packets of food—six or seven of them—from various large pockets specially cut in the lining of his coat.

There are gay men and sad men; workers and crooks and beggars. Young and old—the jetsam of the roads. Britain's floating population. To-night they are lucky, for they can afford a bed, however it may vary in cleanliness and comfort.

Those who use the free casual wards by no means enjoy a bed of roses. An important committee of the Ministry of Health has very severely criticised the manner in which some casual wards are run, and has recommended a better diet as well as a stricter adherence to sanitary regulations.

The diet at present, according to regulations, is: Supper, eight ounces of bread, one ounce of margarine or dripping, and one pint of tea, coffee, cocoa, broth or gruel. Breakfast: The same as supper. Dinner: Eight ounces of bread, half an ounce of margarine or dripping, two ounces of cheese, four ounces of potatoes, possibly with the addition of some other vegetable.

Both cell accommodation and meals are inferior to prison.

Stones to break

There should be no need for a man to be without a place to sleep, but conditions in some casual wards are so notoriously bad that, in good weather, some men prefer to sleep out.

It maybe a ward has a reputation for being verminous, or perhaps it is one where the task of stone-breaking is peculiarly hard.

To assist the men who wander in search of work: to segregate the worker from the parasite, so that the worker himself is not tempted to become a professional: to keep the young separate from those who are hardened and cunning in mendicancy and crime—such are the responsibilities of the authorities towards the floating army of the road.

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REAL LIFE STORIES—*by FAMOUS AUTHORS*

THE RIVAL

WE were not a day out from Marseilles before it was clear that Jimmie Shawe had lost his heart to pretty Mrs. Osborne. Of course, there is nothing particularly striking about a shipboard romance. As a rule, they only provide gossip for those indeterminate spinsters found on every boat going East.

But in Shawe's case piquancy was added to his love-suit by the intervention of a rival for the hand of the young and attractive widow. The rival was a Frenchman, Andre Houlette, and as unlike Shawe as it was possible to imagine.

* * *

Jimmie was not tall, but he gave an impression of strength. He was broad and big-boned, with a face that was always red, though he was most moderate in his attention to the whisky, and eight years in Malaya had taught him what drinking could be.

"I don't know what she sees in that Frenchman," he growled to me. "I'll chuck him overboard if anyone will suggest it. Why does he want to butt in?"

Jimmie and I had just had a morning refresher. As we stepped into the strong sunlight he had at once looked round the deck for Mrs. Osborne, and his eyes became angrily troubled as he saw her with Houlette, seated in a couple of deck-chairs by themselves.

We had not had good weather, but to-day the Mediterranean was living up to its reputation for blue sea and sky.

In the sheltered parts of the deck there was a warmth in the sun that exhilarated, one's blood raced a little faster, and it needed only a starlight night to follow and anything might happen—if one were young enough.

AND there was dainty Betty Osborne in a deck-chair, with her head thrown back, letting the sun caress her lovely face, while the light breeze that always finds its way along the decks was playing hide-and-seek through her fair hair.

I looked from Jimmie's typically English face to that of Andre Houlette. The Frenchman's clipped, black moustache added distinction to his lean, aristocratic face, and he looked extraordinarily fit. No wonder Mrs. Osborne found him attractive.

Shawe confessed that he had proposed to the pretty widow, but she would not give him a definite answer. She was not sure whether she wanted to live in the East.

Her husband had been a minor Government official in India, and before news came of his death—she had not lived with him—there had been distressing rumours of the life he had led.

She was now acting as companion to a rich lady travelling at her ease round the world, and would decide later. Meanwhile, she found life very pleasant with two fervent admirers.

The Frenchman, though, did not get everything his own way. That night I saw him sipping brandy alone.

* * *

Jimmie had swooped down on Betty immediately after dinner and had kept her to himself. The evening must have gone pretty well with him, for, when we had a final drink before turning in, he was very bucked with life.

When I asked him if she had agreed to sharing his life on a lonely rubber-station he was still a bit vague.

So things went on until we rounded the long pier at Port Said, that comes so far out into the Mediterranean to guide the big ships into the Canal.

This was Mrs. Osborne's first trip East, and her blue eyes were alive with excitement. To most of us the six hours' stay at Port Said was an irritating delay, and at the best provided a chance to stretch our legs.

So, as we steamed easily up the Channel and past the De Lesseps statue, I wondered who would introduce Mrs. Osborne to what has so often been described as the wickedest city on earth, and also the most uninteresting.

The Frenchman won, and I pictured Mrs. Osborne visiting the shops and native bazaars buying wonderful and curious Egyptian relics made in Birmingham and Japan.

I was busy finishing a letter and did not go ashore until an hour later. I looked round for Shawe, but could not find him.

PORT SAID does not take much doing, and it was not long before I saw him sitting outside a café smoking furiously. His face was set, and he was in a fighting mood.

To my greeting he grunted: "Where's that damned Frenchman? I've searched every corner of this lousy hole and there's no sign of them."

"Probably having tea in one of the hotels."

"I have been to every hotel," Jimmie said sourly. "I wonder if the swine has taken her to see some filthy show in the native quarter."

Visiting the native quarter is all right once in a way, but I never felt drawn to it on a warm summer's afternoon.

But Shawe was determined to go, and so set off alone. He plunged into the tangle of narrow streets and smells, glancing sharply into each native café.

He never quite knew what it was that made him step into the particular café he did; probably the real truth was that he was tired and needed a rest.

The café was just a hole in a wall, but Shawe knew that the little door at the back most likely led to dens of unspeakable filth.

No one came for his order, so he rapped on the wall with his stick, and then asked sharply for coffee from the boy who came.

As Shawe looked round at the natives present, he noticed they avoided his eye. They turned aside too quickly to have been looking at him just through curiosity.

It was this that made Shawe enquire from the boy if a white man and a woman from the steamer had passed that way, but the boy pretended not to understand and was obviously ill at ease.

This only quickened Shawe's suspicions. He knew that every boy in Port Said knew enough English to pester tourists.

Had Mrs. Osborne been trapped into some den under the impression that she was seeing native life?

He rose to his feet and in a loud voice called for the proprietor.

It was at that moment that the door at the back of the café was thrust violently open and Houlette came sprawling into the room. He was held by three Egyptians, who were bundling him unceremoniously into the street.

But at the moment Shawe was thinking only of Betty. With one

"John Bull's" Great

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They FORGOT

by

HAROLD BOWLER

ound he flung off the natives and ized Houlette by the shoulder.
"Where is Mrs. Osborne?" he cared. "Why did you bring her to place like this?"
Houlette, however, grabbed Shawe's rm. "Come quickly, Mrs. Osborne upstairs. An Egyptian brought r," he gasped.
"Madame gave me what you call it the slip—and when I saw her again e was with a native. I followed em to this place.
"I went upstairs, but some ruffians rew me down. What is happening Madame I do not know, but we ust get the police."
"The police be damned," roared hawe. "By the time we can get em Mrs. Osborne will have disappeared for good. Follow me."

HE strode resolutely towards the door, but three Egyptians barred the way.
"There's no English lady ere," said one of them, spreading his ands. "I have already told the entleman. You cannot come. It is rbidden."
Shawe whipped out a revolver, and shing the barrel against the stomach the speaker, said brusquely, "Get t of the way."
The man sprang sideways and hawe kicked open the door with his ot and leaped up the narrow stairse, followed by the Frenchman.
At the top of the dark and rickety airs was a small landing giving cess to a number of rooms. Two them were empty, but the third or was locked.
Shawe knocked loudly, using the tt of his revolver. For a minute there was silence, and then a man's voice called out in Arabic, "Go away."
"Open up," Shawe roared, "or I break the door down."
He was accustomed to being obeyed implicitly and quickly by natives. After waiting a minute he flung his weight against the door. There was a splintering of rotten wood and the door swung back on its broken hinges.
The room was poorly furnished as a bedroom, and dimly lighted by a small, dirty window. The walls were of dirty plaster, and there was a feeling that the room must be reeking with vermin.
At the far end, sitting on the bed and looking very miserable, was Mrs. Osborne. In front of her, as though to hide her from prying eyes, was a tall, thin man in a dress of an Egyptian. He might have been a guide in his long caftan reaching to his heels.
Yet as Shawe stared at him he felt sure the man was not a true Egyptian.
"What the hell are you doing with

"AT the same instant, two strong hands gripped his throat and began to squeeze the breath out of him . . ."

that lady?" he demanded sharply. "Let me pass."
But the other barred the way and spoke in a refined English that made Shawe open his eyes in astonishment.
"It is an impertinence that you should break into this room. The lady came here voluntarily. Now get out, or it will be worse for you."
Shawe still held his revolver and raised it to the white man dressed as an Egyptian. "Let the lady pass or I'll fire!" he said angrily.
He was standing just inside the room, but a flicker that passed across the other man's eyes made him turn quickly. As he did so he heard the swish of a knife that just missed him.

* * *

At the same instant, two strong hands gripped his throat and began to squeeze the breath out of him. For a moment he struggled, and then remembered the old trick of bending quickly. Suddenly he doubled up and the man went flying over his head.
But as he did so his hands caught in Shawe's arm and there was a loud report from the revolver, followed by a startled cry from the Egyptian who was with Mrs. Osborne.
The single shot and its effect produced a silence in the room. The Egyptians looked scared. They did not mind knifing a man, but shooting was something they feared. Shots could be heard.
Shawe stepped over to the wounded man, who had fallen across the bed, and saw that he was not seriously hurt. The bullet had passed through the fleshy part of his leg, and, though there was a lot of blood, there was not much danger.
"Come, Mrs. Osborne," he said quickly. "Let us get back to the ship. There is not too much time."
He took her arm, but to his amazement she shook him off, and began to staunch the man's wound with her handkerchief.
"You must go without me," she said, without looking at Shawe. He saw that she was crying softly.
"You are coming if I have to carry you all the way." Shawe spoke peremptorily, and stooped as though to take her in his arms.

BUT Mrs. Osborne swung herself free. She clenched her fists and put the wounded man between herself and Shawe.
"Oh, don't you understand?" she almost screamed in agony. "*He is my husband, and I cannot leave him.* I thought he was dead, but to-day I saw him and he brought me here."
Shawe stepped backward as though he had been struck.
Then he shook himself. "I don't care a damn. You cannot stay in this vile hole. This fellow's gone native, and is not worth it. Come away with me," and he made a movement towards her.
"No, no," she cried. "It is my duty to stay with him. I must help him back to decency. My mind is quite made up. Go."
They stood there arguing for some minutes, but there was a resoluteness about her that convinced him that nothing would move her. Slowly Shawe and the Frenchman backed out of the squalid room.
At the top of the stairs Shawe glanced back and saw Mrs. Osborne in her smart frock kneeling at the side of her husband bathing the wound with water from an earthenware jug.
Back on board the two men had a long drink—there seemed nothing else to do. Just before the boat sailed they saw Mrs. Osborne's luggage go ashore.

* * *

So far as I know Shawe has never married. I think that some day he hopes to meet Mrs. Osborne. She knows where to find him.

Next Week:

"Bed and Breakfast"

by A. M. Burrage

The Mild, Nutty Flavour of Manikins adds to the pleasures of life without extra cost.

On the road—by foot or car; at work or play; in sunshine or rain—Manikins are always cheery companions — there is soothing, restful contentment in every puff, and if you've not already tried them you're missing the greatest joy of smoking.

When you first light up a Manikin its mellow fragrance will convince you of the treat in store. Then for half an hour you experience that feeling of care-free enjoyment which only a good cigar can give, and the cost is small, for a packet of 5 only costs 10d.

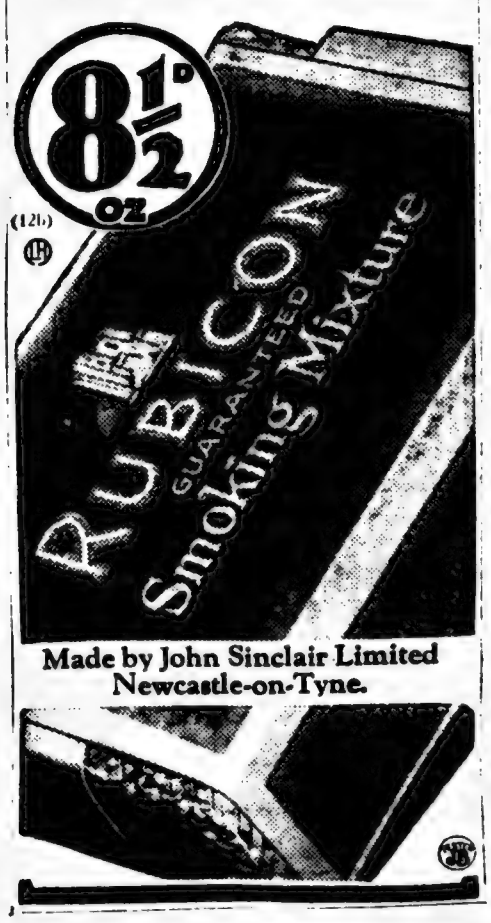
MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

THE "JOHN BULL" SHOP WINDOW appears on page 3.

Positively NO Deception!

The conjurer relies on sleight of hand to deceive the eye, and ordinary economy tobaccos depend on "flavourings" and "perfume" to deceive the smoker's sense of taste and smell. Made from crude, coarse leaf, such tobaccos need "faking" and "doctoring" to camouflage their bite and tang.

RUBICON MIXTURE is very different. Though costing only 8½d. per oz. it is not scented, flavoured or camouflaged in any way. Its clean, wholesome smell and rich nutty taste are wholly and entirely natural.



(126)

Made by John Sinclair Limited Newcastle-on-Tyne.

NECK or Nothing

Wild men who mean business

A "Baby" Austin entered for the great race

A HOWLING, snarling pack of cars hurtle round the most tortuous road course in the world; the cars are the pick of those that Britain, France, Italy and Germany build; the "speed kings," almost without exception, are world-famous names.

They all are striving to win the most coveted of motor races, the Royal Automobile Club's "Tourist Trophy" event.

This will be the scene that some 500,000 people will witness at Belfast this week-end. All round the thirteen and two-thirds miles course, with its dangerous corners and hairpin bends, this enormous crowd will stand, prepared for six hours of thrills.

We shall see Louis Chiron, famous French "ace," at the wheel of an equally famous French car, Cavalieri Campari, racing driver and opera singer, leading the Italian team, an earl, a baronet, the heir to a dukedom, all risking death every yard of this 410 miles race. All to win a battered old trophy not worth £50!

Is there more significance in this admittedly great sporting event, packed with thrills as it most certainly is, than appears here? Is it merely a modern equivalent of the old Roman arena and its gladiator duels?

Does road racing improve the breed of cars?—that is the matter in a nutshell.

The answer lies in the history of motor-racing. The "T.T.s" of past years have made the motor-car, be it £100 model or luxury limousine, the speedy, comfortable and efficient means of transport that it is to-day.

Danger teaches

Road-holding, steering, springing, the modern tyre, brakes, quickly detachable wheels—all these things owe their introduction to motor-racing.

But there is even more in this racing game than merely an attempt of manufacturers to "improve the breed."

Our supremacy in the world of speed is at stake to-day. Britain possesses the "Big Three" of world speed records—fastest on land, on water and in the air. Every nation of the world is envious of our position, and we must beat off the challenge, for our supremacy is something more than just a matter of pride—it means trade.

In this year's "T.T." Britain is faced with the strongest foreign challenge in the history of the race.

France is represented by a team of Bugattis, and the drivers are Louis Chiron, Varzi, the young Italian "ace," and Divo, the veteran—professional drivers who have all the dash and daring that goes with the temperament of the Gaul and the Latin.

Bugatti has won more races this year than any other make, and the famous "patrone" has one ambition—to win the "T.T."

Then Italy is represented by a team of three Alfa-Romeos, to be driven by Campari, the singing driver who has never finished other than first or second in a road-race, Nuvolari and Borzacchini—a wonderful combination.

Sir Henry Birkin, record breaker, will drive a foreign car

In foreign cars

There are two other Alfa-Romeos, and, it is sad to relate, they are being driven by two of our finest British drivers, Earl Howe, President of the British Racing Drivers' Club, and Sir Henry Birkin. They have won several races at the wheels of foreign cars.

George Eyston, the first man to exceed 100 m.p.h. in a "baby" car, is also driving an Italian car, a Maserati.

Many of our finest drivers have deserted us. "We are amateurs and we drive merely for sport. Provide us with a British car that is fast enough and we will drive it"—that, in a nutshell, is the reply of these British drivers of foreign cars to their critics.

Italy, subsidised by the Government and with the personal backing of Mussolini, is all out for a victory in the great British race. Campari is their hope. Mussolini, according to custom, will send him a cable on the eve of the race "ordering" him to win!

This little fat man, whose ambition it is to retire from motor-racing and devote his entire attention to singing in grand opera, was the hero of the recent Irish Grand Prix.

He was struck by a flying stone that smashed his goggles while thundering along in the wake of "Tim" Birkin at 120 m.p.h.

He drove for 10 miles with one eye full of glass, came into the pits in an almost unconscious condition, was operated upon by a surgeon there and then, and promptly climbed back into his car, his head a mass of flying bandages, and set off in chase of the leader. And he finished second.

"Campari finishes first or second—

"Campari is Italy's hope"—has Mussolini's orders to win

or not at all"—that is his boast. And he almost always finishes.

Germany, winner of the race in 1929, is represented this year by a single Mercedes, to be driven by another Englishman, Mr. B. O. Davies.

Britain is replying to this challenge with the cream of our cars and the best of our drivers, if we except those who have "gone foreign."

Young Dudley Froy, Brooklands "ace" and winner of the recent German Grand Prix, will drive one of the two Invictas entered; C. S. Staniland, the famous test pilot, is in the Riley team; Brian Lewis, another "speed king" on land and in the air, is leading the Talbot team; there is one team of Aston-Martins and another of Frazer Nashes, and, of course, the "baby" car contingent.

The race will see renewed the "battle of the babies," a friendly battle between Britain's two great motor-car kings, Sir Herbert Austin and Sir William Morris.

Sir Herbert is represented by five supercharged "babies" of which he is the "father." The three "works" cars will be driven by Leon Cushman, 100 m.p.h. "baby" car driver, D. Barnes and C. Goodacre, youngsters who have proved their capabilities in international events.

There are no fewer than thirteen M.G. Midgets, the little cars of which Sir William Morris is "father." E. R. Hall, erstwhile member of the famous Bentley team, is one of the many converts to the "baby" racers.

Death duels

It is no exaggeration to term the race a duel with death. Last year "Tim" Birkin climbed from beneath his overturned car, which had smashed a telegraph pole in a 100 m.p.h. skid, with nothing more than a few scratches.

Kaye Don, now on his way with Miss England II, fastest motor-boat in the world, to America for the contest with Gar Wood, the American champion, was pulled from beneath a blazing car by his mechanic in the nick of time.

Thrills! Every minute, from start to finish of this great race, is packed with breath-catching thrills.

The fastest car driven by the most daring "speed king" will win the "T.T." May it be a British driver and a British car!

England . . . *home of natural loveliness*

Pessl of Vienna pays tribute to *that schoolgirl complexion*

"No skin can remain beautiful if it is not regularly cleansed with soap and water. You should be particular in choosing a soap for your face. Only a pure soap — a soap of fine soothing cosmetic oils, will do. This is why I recommend only Palmolive."

Every nation has learned from England that regular use of Palmolive Soap is the simplest way of retaining the complexion of youth

S. PESSL, who attends Austrian aristocracy and famous women from all over the world at his fashionable Kärtnerstrasse Salon

KÄRTNERSTRASSE 28, VIENNA

Beauty specialists who pay tribute to radiant English womanhood agree that soap and water plays the most important part in safeguarding its birthright. "But it must be Palmolive," they say.

Herr Pessl, the famous Viennese beauty specialist, says: "Only a pure soap—a soap of fine soothing cosmetic oils will do. This is why I recommend only Palmolive."

This simple home treatment

Pessl advises an ever-so-easy home treatment: Make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With your finger-tips massage this into face and throat, working the impurities out of the pores. Rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder.

Palmolive is made from the natural olive and palm oils. Its colour is the natural colour of these two oils. Its mild soothing lather cleanses safely, beautifies easily.

The naturalness of Palmolive is your safeguard against irritation.

Use Palmolive for the bath as well, you will find it lathers abundantly even in the hardest water.

4½d PER TABLET

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

What can a toothpaste truly claim

Some promise results that only dentists achieve

Millions of persons endanger teeth and gums simply because they believe in the power of a toothpaste to cure this or that disorder.

A toothpaste is not a medicine. It is a mechanical agent and should be used for only one purpose—that of cleansing teeth. Colgate's, we claim, cleans better than other dentifrices because it possesses a unique property (low "surface tension"). That's why it penetrates into the tiniest crevices which are ordinarily closed to "heavy" dentifrices.

We will gladly send you a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1.

Send post card (1d. postage)

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1/- LARGE SIZE

The 11 o'clock munch

At playtime when others are nibbling dry sandwiches or pieces of cake, these two will be munching moist, tasty bananas — FYFFES Blue Label bananas. Bananas make another meal; because nature made the banana a food and a fruit at the same time. Make sure you get perfectly ripe bananas — their flavour and their value depend on it. You always get them properly mature if you insist on THE BLUE LABEL.

BLUE LABEL FYFFES BRAND

Bananas

Winifred Shotter says:

"You can face the World Confident"...

Winifred Shotter, starring in "Turkey Time" at the Aldwych Theatre, London, and in the film "The Chance of a Night Time," says:—

"I am delighted with Potter & Moore's novel combination of Powder and Cream in one. It reduces time spent on make-up to a few seconds, and gives such a lovely finish that you can face the world confident you are looking your best."

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"A sacred national obligation"—there are still war-wounded men in our hospitals

WAR PENSIONS PERIL

THE great slogan of to-day is "Cut the Public Services—carve the State Departments." Indeed, there is a danger that in this well-meaning fervour of economy damage may be done to one department which carries a sacred national obligation.

We have nothing to do at the moment with other suggested curtailments, but with regard to the administration of pensions for those who fought for Britain we say emphatically to the men with the axe: "Hands off!"

The sums at present paid to injured and shattered men are by no means generous, and any drastic interference with the department which deals with them would be a cruel breach of faith.

The suggestion at present freely discussed is that the Ministry of Pensions should be abolished and that the work should be carried on by some other department.

Now it cannot be denied that the arrangements of the Pensions Ministry are in need of a thorough overhaul, but to put this intricate work in the hands of public servants totally unacquainted with it would be a disaster to the pensioners.

Even now, after years of departmental training, there are grievous errors of commission and omission in the payment of pensions. JOHN BULL'S Pension Department proves this in every week that passes.

Imagine then the chaos which would result from a drastic change in administration!

NO, the Ministry of Pensions must not on any account be abolished, but it can be and should be reformed in a manner that would achieve higher efficiency with less expenditure.

As a beginning, we would suggest the abolition of a large number of the Ministry sub-offices which are of very little use. With this would follow a considerable reduction in the staff of the chief area offices.

These departments have no power to give definite decisions on claims and do little more than act as intermediaries between the ex-soldier and the Ministry itself.

Death and recovery of health constantly reduces the number of pension claimants, but for several years ahead existing claims will continue to be examined and revised on their merits.

There are thousands of temporary awards which call for the periodical examination of pensioners. Probably right to the end there will be men whose disabilities must be re-assessed from time to time.

Frequently the pensioner's sufferings increase with time. It would be against his best interests to receive a final award.

In one important respect the work of the Ministry will probably be increased before the end of this year. A Bill to abolish that incredibly unfair rule known as the *seven years' time limit* is being prepared for the next session.

The meaning of that regulation is that if a man or woman failed to claim for a disability within seven years from the termination of active service, there is no statutory right to an award.

IF, as seems probable, the seven years' limit is abolished, an enormous number of ex-soldiers will become eligible to have their claims considered under Royal Warrant. They will also be able to appeal to the independent Pensions Appeal Tribunal in the event of adverse decision.

On top of that is the recent ruling of the Tribunal that an appeal against a final award granted before August, 1921, may still be valid on the ground that proof of publication of the regulations were not sufficient. This ruling is likely to have far-reaching effects.

One other definite and constructive economy could be made if the Government would agree to recognise, officially, the Ex-Services Welfare Society.

Unofficially the society already supplements the work of the Ministry.

It has a staff of officials well versed in pensions matters, and also its own medical officers all over the country.

THE Welfare Society concentrates on cases of neurasthenia and allied complaints, and, since a large proportion of the temporary awards and new applications may be classified under this heading, it will be realised that this organisation could be of inestimable value to the Ministry.

We have good reason to believe that the society will accept the responsibility if it is offered to them. The work is entirely voluntary, supported by public subscription, so that there would be no added cost to the State.

Even now, many men are ignorant of their rights to benefits obtainable under the Pensions Warrants.

There are numerous limbless ex-soldiers who are not aware of the alteration in the rates of pension payable to armless and legless men, according to the length of their stumps which took effect, or rather should have taken effect, from September 1, 1919.

There is also the clause in the Royal Warrant of September, 1920, under which a dependency or flat-rate pension awarded to one of two parents of a deceased soldier can, on the death of such parent, be transferred to the surviving parent as from the date of application.

Many parents know nothing of this regulation.

JOHN BULL is justly proud of the work done on behalf of ex-Service men. During the four years ended December 31, 1930, our Pensions Department dealt with nearly 30,000 naval and military enquiries alone. This year there has been very little decrease in the number of letters received. We have taken up hundreds of cases with the Ministry of Pensions and have obtained satisfaction in many instances when all other efforts have failed.

At a rough estimate, the total value of our successes calculated on the basis of a normal duration of life exceeds £50,000.

The need for economy is urgent, but the disabled ex-soldier must not suffer as a result of any curtailment of public expenditure.

Again we say: "Hands off ex-soldiers' pensions!"

The Human Machine

Keep IT SHUT!

MOST people talk too much, or, if you prefer it, few people possess the ability to keep silent. Miss Helena Normanton, the famous woman barrister, once said that Rouse, the murderer, was not so much convicted as that he talked himself from the witness-box to the scaffold.

A man of quite another type was the famous Von Moltke, who used to boast that he could be silent in seven languages—which was only another way of saying that, despite his ability to converse fluently with his fellow-men, he knew when to keep his own counsel.

Similar advice was given by the old Quaker to his son when he said "Mind thee always tells the truth, my son—but mind thee isn't always telling it."

For the fact is that people who are chatterers, who babble on garrulously and aimlessly, rarely gain the respect of their hearers. And there is a perilously thin line between the chatterer and the scandalmonger.

Besides, if we are always talking we never get any time to think—and time to think is what everyone needs. For we need to think what things are worth while and what are not, what things are worth striving for and what are not, where we are going and how we intend to get there.

Talk can be a ladder by which to climb or a mental dungeon. It all depends whether or not we use it intelligently.

ON THE LONG SIDE!

If your cigarette bill is on the long side—roll your own next week. Zig-Zag Cigarette Papers save you 3½d. in every shilling—and you get finer, fresher cigarettes.

ZIG-ZAG
CIGARETTE PAPERS

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

1 **SUGAR COATED** *Pleasant taste.*

2 **PURELY VEGETABLE** *Natural in Action*

3 **GO DIRECT TO THE CAUSE** *Surest and quickest relief*

4 **TINY IN SIZE** *Easy to swallow*

ACTUAL SIZE

Carter's Little Liver Pills go direct to the cause of **Furred Tongue, Dizziness, Tiredness, Indigestion, Flatulence, Headache, Constipation**—By stimulating the sluggish liver, the bowels are relieved in a natural manner, and all accumulated waste matter passes away. Purely vegetable, small, sugar-coated and easy to swallow, they never fail. Sold by all Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

DIFFERENT FROM OTHERS

BIRD'S is best and best with Fruit.

BIRD'S is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks!

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

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READY RUBBED

7½d. PER OUNCE

Also

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DIGGER SHAG
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

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AS a holiday gift we will send a lovely Art crepe scarf to every purchaser of a 2/6 packet of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' if application reaches us during August 1931—only one scarf to any one applicant. Two 1/6 purchases will be accepted as equal to one 2/6. Just get from your chemist the 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' and send the complete yellow wrapper (or wrappers) to Saltrates (Dept. Y.2), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1 with your name and address

We know that if you once use 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' you will become a satisfied user and recommend it to your friends, and it is for this reason we are willing to make you this useful gift. This offer applies to United Kingdom only.

When your feet ache, burn, smart, swell or form corns and callouses, rest them in the oxygenated foot-bath produced by adding a little 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' to plain water. Refreshing, cooling, soothing and healing, the real and lasting foot-comfort is so gratifying that only the use of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' will enable you to fully appreciate the benefits it produces.

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They are delightful companions, so soothing and refreshing and they do not create thirst.

Obtainable wrapped.

Carry a few in your pocket.

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD.

The PRICE *of* HOLIDAY PRUDERY

BRITISH money is saving French holiday resorts from bankruptcy this year.

The Americans are kept at home by the financial and economic crisis that has dealt them a series of hard punches.

The Germans, whose skilful tourist propaganda has captured a lot of the Continental holiday traffic that used to be shared by France, Switzerland and Italy, were beginning to swarm into France for their vacation, as they did before the war, when financial crisis came to them and drove them home because France no longer wanted their doubtful money.

Tears should be shed for our English resorts, for more people than ever before are crossing the Channel this year to spend their holiday money in France, while our seaside hotels are languishing and the old ladies with rooms to let look out of their front windows with declining hopes of a good season.

It is extremely doubtful if our English resorts will ever recapture the custom of the tens of thousands of people who now go every year to the Continent for their annual holiday.

"The same story of holiday invasion at Deauville"

Anybody doing it

Many members of the wealthy classes have always spent their holidays abroad for various reasons, such as the gambling that the casinos offer, the opportunity to travel or the promise of sunshine when skies are grey at home.

But, whereas in years gone by it was only people such as these who adjured holidays at home, it is now becoming the habit of the humble worker of both sexes to have a trip to France.

And it is this great army of middle-class travellers that is saving France's resorts from bankruptcy.

About eighteen months ago the French State revised its method of collecting taxation on gambling profits, and as a result casinos have been so hard hit that gambling, which used to be their richest source of revenue, is now hardly worth the candle to them.

The rapaciousness of the State Treasury has discouraged the open bank at baccarat which produced the main profits.

With the loss of revenue from gambling and the defection of the American clientèle that strewed dollars with a liberal hand, French hotel-keepers and holiday caterers were looking very blue at the outset of the present summer season.

Cut price lure

But the English, who were their very first customers, and who, it may be said, founded the prosperity of the whole Riviera from Hyères to Mentone, including the ever-romantic Monte Carlo, have come to their rescue in their time of need.

Reports specially gathered from all the leading French resorts, the fashionable seaside places like Le Touquet, Deauville, Biarritz, Cannes and Juan-les-Pins—the home of the Pyjamas Girl—Aix-les-Bains, Vichy and Brides-les-Bains, Boulogne, Dieppe, Saint Malo and Dinard, all tell the same story: reduced revenue from foreign visitors, but not the catastrophe that was feared, thanks to the record patronage of the English.

Make a round trip of France's holiday resorts just now and you will get the impression that England's beaches must be deserted.

Nearly all the visitors are English. Hotels, anticipating the slump, have made big cuts in their prices, and they are reaping the reward.

Only the palatial establishments are complaining, and yet even in them you will find that their registers read like pages from Debrett, for half of the peerage, baronetage and companionage is spending its holiday appropriation out of England.

Pocket love

The cross-Channel ports are handling thousands of English passengers for France every day. Even the humble hiker is hiking out of England. Every boat going to France is carrying its parties of hikers of both sexes with packs on their backs.

Paris is swarming with English holiday-makers. For the first time the London evening papers are being sold on the boulevards by special newsboys. Policemen with armlets intimating that they speak English are increasing, and they are all kept busy.

You can go into almost any shop or café in the centre of Paris now and find someone who can talk English, good or bad, because the Parisian knows that an acquaintance with the language is good for his pocket.

The English are the heroes again in France just as they were in 1914. The rare Americans who are there are demi-gods, because the French know that an American who can afford a European holiday this year must have a bank balance that commands respect, and they lavish service on him while tearing him limb from limb financially.

Why are the English deserting the homeland when holiday time comes? A consequence of our growing restlessness that demands newness, something we have never known before?

Yes, that undoubtedly is a partial explanation, and also the war, which took many men overseas for the first time, and the ever-increasing travel facilities.

But while these things may send us off on a first Continental holiday as an experiment, it is something else that is giving us the yearly habit and putting us further and further from the memory of boarding-houses in Brighton and Blackpool, or whatever other holiday home called us year after year.

A sense of greater freedom explains broadly our hankering after a Continental holiday. We are not a dissolute people who want to live dangerously or to depart permanently from the rules of our well-ordered lives, but change is the essence of a holiday.

If we analyse the urge that sends us skipping off blithely like truants to take the cross-Channel boat, we shall find that it is explained by the knowledge that we are going where we can sun-bathe in harmless freedom and have a flutter on a gaming table.

We can stop out after midnight watching a cabaret show or dancing, and we shall never hear "Time, gentlemen, *please!*" like an admonition to being out of bed.

Not so wicked

We can practise our French on non-comprehending servitors and live in a real hotel with an imposing name such as we have been used to only in novelettes—and all for the price of an uneventful holiday in a depressing English seaside boarding-house.

This is why British money is going to the rescue of the French resorts.

It seems a pity we cannot do something to keep our dwindling national fortune in the country by beating the Continental caterer at his own game.

We might try it by sacrificing our prejudices, without losing any of our self-respect or our morality—for the iniquity of Continental pleasures is largely imaginary and plays a very small part in the entertainment of the bulk of Anglo-Saxon visitors.

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"Every tooth safe and sound.. keep on using GIBBS DENTIFRICE"

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So little to do; but so much to gain: sound teeth, good health and lots more fun out of life.

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The bubbling, breezy, fragrant foam from Gibbs Dentifrice reaches every crevice of the teeth. It cleans thoroughly, polishes beautifully, refreshes the mouth and makes it safe. Buy Gibbs Dentifrice from your chemist to-day!

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

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RHEUMATIC TREATMENT REVOLUTIONISED

URIC ACID DEPOSITS LIQUIFIED AND WASHED FROM THE SYSTEM BY NEW HERBAL EXTRACTS

GENEROUS TRIAL SUPPLY AND SCIENTIFIC ACID DETECTOR FREE TO SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM, ARTHRITIS, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA AND NEURITIS

Send for the Free Trial Supply and in a few hours the Detector will show you how the Uric Acid is being driven out of your system

So startling is the Ministry of Health's report on the ravages of Rheumatism and allied complaints that an eminent Specialist has, in the interests of public health, decided to set aside for national distribution 100,000 trial supplies of an epoch-making discovery that revolutionises the treatment of Rheumatic ailments.

Special arrangements have been made so that all sufferers from stubborn Rheumatism are offered FREE :—

(1) A Trial supply of a wonderful new antidote that pours an essence of Anti-Rheumatic Herbs into every artery, vein, muscle, and joint, dissolves deposits, and rapidly washes them from the system in the form of liquified Uric Acid.

(2) A scientific Acid Detector which ENABLES you to TEST AND NOTE WITHIN A FEW HOURS the amazing speed with which this HERBAL SOLVENT is freeing your system from ACID.

(3) A Specialist's remarkable book which explains how and why the new Treatment will free you from any Rheumatic Ailment.

You will receive all the above absolutely Free by sending your name and address in a letter or on a postcard. Send to-day and you will also learn.

HOW YOU CAN OBTAIN

Early removal of swellings.
Speedy Revival of Strength.
Quick Relief from pain.
Restoration of painless movability to stiff joints.
Return of suppleness to locked joints.
Properly Regulated Blood Pressure and Healing Circulation which reduces inflammation and congestion.

RHEUMATISM CAUSES HARDENED ARTERIES, HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, AND HEART DISEASES.

The appalling ravages of these diseases are due to the fact that up to now no really successful method of treatment has been available, and, even more so, to NEGLECT IN THEIR EARLY STAGES of such stubborn and progressive diseases as Rheumatism, Gout, Arthritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Neuritis. If neglected, complications ensue, disablement of hands, arms, legs, or feet takes place, and life-long crippling often results. The same acid deposits that cause Rheumatism cause hardening of the Arteries, high blood pressure, and premature old age. The poison which affects joints and muscles also eventually infects and injures the heart beyond repair.

Every sufferer can now avoid this dangerous condition by obtaining a Free supply and the means of testing its immediate effect.

SENSATIONAL REPORTS.

Thousands have testified to benefits already received. Read these reports. They are attested by a Declaration sworn before a Commissioner of Oaths.

"Doctors Amazed."

1906. **Mrs. J. L., Harrogate.** "No doubt you will remember me writing to you for your cure. I had been helpless for 3 years, and after using your cure I began to get better, and was able to walk a little with crutches. Now I am able to walk about and even go out without either crutches or bath chair, and my health is really restored. All my friends think it a miracle my being so well again, and I have recommended your cure to a great many people. People in Harrogate, also several Doctors who had said I would never walk are amazed at the way I got on."

"Much Better at 82."

691. **Mrs. H., Oldham.** "I am pleased to say that I am very much better at 82 years of age. I had rheumatic fever when I was 52 years of age, and I have suffered more or less ever since and been in bed two months at a time and could get no rest for pain, but I can now sleep and eat well I had not taken your treatment for a week before I felt a change, and I blessed the day when I saw your name in the paper. I am telling everybody about your treatment."

"A Treat to Walk in Comfort."

718. **A. I. G., Altrincham.** "I am sorry to be so long in writing, but I have been away from home. However, one thing I can say, that it is quite a treat to be able to walk in ease and comfort, the swelling round my ankles seems to be gradually going, also I am free from pain in the joints."

"Given Up by Her Doctor Husband."

717. **Mrs. E. D., Bournemouth.** "Re your Treatment. I am very pleased with results, which are much better than I expected. All pains and stiffness in joints have disappeared, and I can walk now about 1½ to 2 miles—a thing I have not done since last July. My husband (a Physician) tried everything with no result, so that at last he gave it up. I thank you for the good your Treatment has done for me. Wishing you every success."

Professor John Harrison.

"I feel Quite Ten Years Younger."

1883. **E. B., Bristol.** "A few lines to let you know the treatment is 'wonderful.' I feel quite ten years younger.' Thanking you for same."

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The Trial Treatment and Acid Detector (sent free) will give you a generous demonstration of the new curative process. You will see how almost every organ in your body is being poisoned by Acid, and a simple test will show this death-dealing poison being driven from your system by the new Treatment.

STARTLING REVELATIONS

You will also receive absolutely Free a Specialist's remarkable book, just published. The revelations it makes are startling. It is literally worth Pounds to Rheumatic sufferers, as it shows how simply, quickly and thoroughly you can get rid of your Rheumatism without drugs, mineral salts, spas, or other expensive Treatments. **DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR RHEUMATISM.** Write to-day for your Free Treatment, Free Acid Detector and Free Book. Even postage and packing are Free. You may send 1½d. stamp for postage if you wish, but are not obliged to do so.

NW 38

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(Suite 6)
(late HARLEY STREET),
180, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

£750

Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 126.

In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following four competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £125 will be despatched.

Mrs. E. Aldridge, 3, Malden Erleigh Terrace, Earley, Reading. Mrs. E. Cauchrey, 49, Camden Gardens, Thornton Heath, Surrey. Miss J. C. Lever, 6, Albert Buildings, Wellington Street, Winson Green, Birmingham. Mrs. R. Rees, 5, Crawford Street, Newport, Mon.

Any other competitor who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of the £500 must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 1st, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Letters to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull." No question can be undertaken in connection with the award of £250 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 55 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors and will each receive £4 10s. 11d.

Allen, M. J., Slough; Bailey, J., Flamborough, Bridlington; Bath, J. J., Farmborough, Nr. Bath; Bellamy, A., Wimbledon; Billesdon, J. T., Ilkeston, Derbyshire; Bishop, A., Walthamstow, E.17; Blackwell, J., Nuffield, Liverpool; Blankinsop, M., S. Shields; Butcher, Mrs. F., Orpington, Kent; Carter, H. P., Stamford Hill, Essex; Cartlidge, J., Hanley, Staffs; Cheetham, J., Oldham; Crapp, H. T., Wincanton, Somerset; Crossley, H., Heywood, Lancs; Dixon, W., Feock, Nr. Truro; Etchells, F., Rotherham; Evans, T. J., Libby Vale, Mon.; Evans, W. H., New North Rd., N.1; Falconer, J. M., Chancery Lane, W.C.2; Giles, Mrs. I. H., Finchley, N.3; Hallstone, Mrs. H., Birmingham; Hammond, Mrs. C., Ashton-under-Lyne; Hayes, S. J., Downpatrick, Co. Down; Hillier, K. F., New Malden, Surrey; Howitt, A., Jandle, Peterboro'; Hudson, F. W., Oxford; Ireland, Miss J., Preston; Iveson, M/s M., Darlington; Johnson, A., Balham, S.W.12; Johnson, E., Ilkeston; Jones, M. S., Aberayron, Cards.; Keighley, Mrs., Ben-Rhydding, Ilkley, Yorks; Leach, T., Runcorn; MacMillan, J., Fairfield, Manchester; Martin, W., Tiverton, Devon; Masterson, T., Dublin; McIlraith, Mrs. B., Alderley Edge, Nr. Manchester; Mowbray, M. E., Liverpool; Nichols, W. T. E., Upper Holloway, N.19; Packer, Mrs. A., Oxford; Pallett, Mrs., Talvley, Cheshire; Patrickson, T. G., Farnham, Surrey; Pearce, F. J. W., Kenley, Surrey; Petcher, W. J., Barrow-in-Furness; Price, Mrs. A., Brecon, Guernsey; Russell, A. J., Bristol; Sheen, A., Bowbrooke, Nr. Carisbrooke; Stansfield, C., Pimlico, S.W.1; Taylor, Mrs., 51, Upper Brockley Road, S.E.4; Underwood, F. B., Hanham, Bristol; Vick, Mrs. B., Winchester; Walker, A. N., Worthing; Wood, A. S., Whetstone, N.20; Woods, A. J., Middlesbro'; Woods, H. C., E. Barnet.

Another splendid X-Word with £500 First Prize and £50 to be divided between the runners-up appears on page 32. Try Your Skill Now.

Holbrook's

Worcestershire SAUCE

Keeps Husbands Happy.

If you get **Pain after Eating**

IF digestive pain, flatulence and discomfort follow every meal, it is most probably due to excess stomach acid. Doctors say this is the cause of most indigestion. Excess acid ferments food, attacks the stomach lining and creates gases which cause pain and "fullness." These discomforts can be quickly banished and you can enjoy your meals without fear of distress if you take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This neutralises the excess acid and thus gives quick relief by removing the cause of the trouble.

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Such a grateful letter from the harassed mother of three tinies. "I have always felt so worried about them," she says, "but now I have the little booklet I feel quite different. It is indeed a true friend."

The big responsibility of rearing those precious babies loses its worrying side if Steedman's famous "Hints to Mothers" booklet is kept handy in the home.

Here is practical advice on every bothersome ailment. Guidance as to emergency treatment while awaiting the doctor in cases of accident or serious illness. Given concisely, and arranged alphabetically for easy reference.

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Steedman's are so *splendid*. So *gentle*. So absolutely *safe*. Three generations of mothers have relied upon them. The present generation are as enthusiastic as their grandmothers were.

For *your* little ones' sake, send now for your copy of "Hints to Mothers." It is free and post free if you mention "John Bull." Address to John Steedman & Co., 270h, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

Suffered With Psoriasis 12 Years Healed by Cuticura

"I suffered severely from psoriasis for twelve years. It began with a small red patch below the right knee. This gradually extended until it reached well down the shin. The irritation was intense and the skin scaled over. The scales used to rub off leaving a sore surface which at times used to bleed. The same trouble broke out on both my arms below the elbow, also on my back and head. The itching and soreness were something terrible at times.

"A friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some. I continued with the treatment and now I am completely healed." (Signed) E. R. Harding, "Holmwood," 9, Kensington Gdns., The Drive, Ilford, Essex, Eng., April 4, 1930.

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RETRIBUTION Trips Up The Staggering Knight

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10s. 6d.

Human Documents

I AM a young man of twenty-one, yet I am quite old in wrong-doing. From the age of seventeen I was a prominent member of a gang of hooligans who gave themselves the ridiculous title of "The Ancient Order of Staggering Knights of the Midnight Watch."

This foolish "order" was taken very seriously indeed by its members. We inaugurated it with great ceremony and boasted a membership of fifteen, neither more nor less, as that was our lucky number.

One of our rules was that if anyone should remonstrate with us when we had been drinking or making a nuisance of ourselves at dances, we should watch our opportunity to convey him to the nearest duck-pond or horse-trough and give him a thorough ducking.

The worst of these happened when we were all coming noisily from an adjacent town in the small hours of the morning. We were stopped by an elderly man of highly respectable appearance, who began to reprimand us upon our reprehensible conduct.

Instead of listening and feeling shame as we ought to have done, we winked at each other, and, before he had time to realise our intention, we had jostled and hustled him into the nearest pond.

It was a cold night, and the effect on our victim was a terrible chill, during which he nearly lost his life.

He never informed against us, but the fright we got sobered us, and the "Ancient Order of Staggering Knights" was heard little of afterwards.

It is only now that retribution has come my way. A few months ago I met a girl whom I knew at once was the one woman I could ever love. She works in the office of the firm where I have now secured a job.

She returned my feeling, and when I asked her if she would become engaged with a view to marriage later she agreed, but said that I must meet her father, a widower. As soon as I saw him I recognised him as the man who had nearly lost his life at the hands of our "gang." Worse, he recognised me.

He has told his daughter who I am and that he did not approve a young man whose companions were a gang of hooligan roughs.

Now the girl has changed. She says old associations are hard to break and I had better look elsewhere for a mate.

"HUMANIST" says: You have indeed proved the truth of the old adage that "evil birds come home to roost," but surely you need not despair.

If you are repentant of your youthful folly let your whole life be your witness to your changed character. As you are still young, it is reasonable to think that both your girl and her father may change their present attitude in time.

THREE "MOTHERS":

No mothering

WHEN I was a baby girl a few months old my mother died, and my father married again almost immediately.

My stepmother bore me no affection at all. She also died when I was thirteen years old, and soon father brought home his third wife.

Once an elderly cousin with no children of her own began to take an interest in me as "the odd man out," and I felt that at last I should have someone to love me and give me a happy home. This came to a very unfortunate end. A young man whom I knew at work, and who I always thought single, was seen by my cousin to be talking to me in the street. She knew him for a married man and a thorough rotter, but instead of warning me she wrote me a horrid letter and ordered me never to enter her house again.

She would not listen to my explanation, she will not answer my letters, but tells people that I am a loose sort of girl who is "carrying on with a married man."

I have tried to tell my father of my troubles, but he is not in the least interested. He will not even listen.

But I do like fairness, and I feel that I have never had fair treatment. To be cut off in this way from all home life seems terrible. What can I do to improve matters?

"HUMANIST" says: Since you do not tell me your age or what your occupation is, I find it difficult to advise you.

I have known girls with rather loveless homes find great happiness in going as mother's help to other people. It is possible, in some families, to become a valued inmate of the home with all a relative's privileges.

If you can find occupation of this kind you might meet an entirely new circle of friends.

But you must remember the price of all home happiness, whether one's own home or another, is cheerful, willing service.

IS SHE A WIFE

or a Widow?

THE very first week after our honeymoon, in 1906, my husband, a shipbuilder, dropped work, expecting me to keep him. I struggled on, doing what work I could, until my first baby, a girl, was born.

When the child was a month or two old, my husband left me to join a crew on a whaling expedition. He got good money for this, but when pay-day arrived he had mortgaged his earnings by borrowing for drink.

He then went to Austria on a shipbuilding contract, and soon afterwards a second child was born.

There ensued four years of complete silence, during which I struggled as best I could to keep the wolf from the door. Our staple food was bread with a scrape of treacle.

Then the silence was broken by the arrival of a black-bordered letter from Trieste, in which the writer hoped I would bear my sorrow bravely, as unfortunately my husband had been killed at work.

I wrote to the manager of the shipbuilding company, asking for further particulars. He replied that no death had occurred at the works, but that my husband, some months ago, had thrown up his job and disappeared.

My next shock came later when my husband walked in, down-and-out, begging for forgiveness and a fresh start.

I hardened my heart, but, when war broke out, friends advised me that it was foolish to let pride stand in the way of receiving an Army allowance.

This advice resulted in other children being born, for my husband was kept at home on ship-repairing, and steadily drank or wasted all the money he earned.

The war ended, and again my husband disappeared. I have not seen him for fourteen years; I have not heard of him for twelve. I don't want to see him, but I would really like to know whether I am wife, widow, or what.

"HUMANIST" says: Under Scottish law freedom may be granted to deserted wives if the circumstances warrant it.

But each case must be dealt with on its own merits, and I advise you to write to the Convener of the Poor Agent, Court of Sessions, Edinburgh, in order to ascertain your exact position.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Ronald

A DOOR-to-DOOR Tragedy

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Ronald inherits his Welsh mother's love of music, and his fingers being double-jointed the violin comes easy to him. He and his brother, aged three years, are the only two surviving out of six babies.

His father went into training for Army service, but was rejected on account of a deformed foot and asthma, which he contracted through working in the mines. He has been unfit for work for the past ten years.

The wife, finding it impossible to earn sufficient to keep the family, came to London about nine months ago, and has made in good times from 50s. to 55s. a week by selling home-made Welsh tea cakes.

Not a strong woman, she suffered from the heat of the room in which she baked the cakes, and during a hot spell early in July, when she trudged with her heavy basket from door to door selling her cakes, she broke down.

"I was expecting a baby," she told us, "and I was in terrible pain.

"But there was nothing for it, and I had to stick it out. One evening I staggered home and fell across the bed, and in the night I fainted and fell out of bed and had to be taken to the hospital in an ambulance."

After a short time in hospital she begged the doctor to let her go home, as she could not afford to pay for her children to be looked after in her absence.

It was no good, however, and when she came to see us it was because the day she was expecting to be readmitted into hospital, and her arrears of rent weighed on her mind. The Public Assistance Committee help the family, but her rent is 25s. a week, as she has to have an extra room in which to bake her cakes, and the relief money amounts to but 16s. a week.

Her invalid husband's sickness benefits expired long ago.

Her wedding ring, shoes, bed linen and so on, are in pawn. And now, incapacitated by illness, she needs all the help our tender-hearted readers can spare, in order to save her home.

Donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged by post. Lists can be seen at our offices, and a copy of the current list will be sent on application.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— (JB)

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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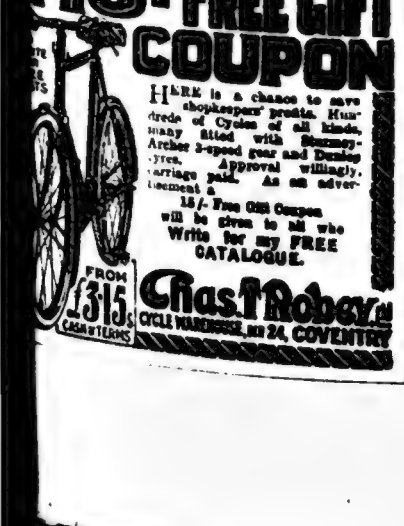
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(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

OR

MY CHOICE —Why

COACH for me—modern luxury coach. They meet me half-way and take me all the way. "Railway excursion, special concessions!" I've had some—with strings on—apron strings.

Carriages dragged from last season's obscurity to compete in "The Old Crocks" race to Brighton with "speed and safety." Speed! Safety! Then why does not ordinary railway insurance apply to excursion trains?

I have been stifled, stumped and stranded, shoo'ed, shunned and shunted, but now I can sit back and smile, on lovely springs and big fat cushions.—*H. Higgins, London, S.E.*15.

Coal Comfort

In giving preference to the excursion train I am influenced by my job. I am a miner.

Trains use coal, thus helping a much-harassed industry.

Petrol comes from abroad.—*Wm. G. Jenkins, Pontypridd.*

Democracy

The motor coach is a symbol of true democracy and an illustration of how a balanced socialism would work.

Each passenger has an equal amount of space, and an equally comfortable seat. Each pays the same fare and acknowledges the same obligations. Each takes the same risks. The poorest traveller has the same rights as the owner of a monster limousine.

The excursion train is overcrowded, seldom punctual, generally far from clean, and only the "first-class" passengers have any comfort. Those who cannot find seats are packed in the corridors.

The motor coach for ever!—*Highways, Northwood, Middlesex.*

A Brown Study

A smelly garage or dusty car park—a depressing wait for Mrs. Brown's husband, who's just gone across the road to "have one." At last we are off—15 minutes after schedule.

An irritating stoppage at a wayside "pub." for Mr. Brown's arm-and-mouth exercise. Another stoppage, this time a puncture. Still more stoppages—traffic block; another puncture; engine conks out, and we arrive at Cuddlecombe-on-Sea when it's almost time to return home.

Travel by motor coach again, eh? No—not me, thanks. Give me the train every time. A more convenient, dependable and safer form of travel.—*Sauce, Blackburn.*

Puffing Billies

Excursion train *v.* motor coach is not a fair fight. The poor old trains are as much inferior as are the trams in comparison to the motor 'bus.

It is ancient *v.* modern. You board the coach at your leisure, taking a seat already booked. You sit at ease with plenty of room.

To board an excursion train you become one of a mass of fighting, perspiring, worried humanity, hoping you may get a seat. If you do, you are wedged in, scarcely able to move.

When tired of glaring at the people you were so recently fighting with, you can, by semi-dislocation, get an occasional glimpse of dreary embankments studded with telegraph poles.—*E. Edgford, Bedford.*

Duty

It is my duty to be of some use to the community. I work to support my wife, child, home, and obey communal demands, and to try to justify my existence.

When we go for a trip, I want, as far as possible, some guarantee that I shall return to play my part, rather than myself and family being reliant on the community.

To submit our precious lives to twisting about and dodging other traffic when an unobstructed track is laid for use is silly. Excursion train, though uncomfortable at times, conveys me."—*Jay Gee, Oldham.*

Good Reason

My wife and I decided on a day's holiday for the children and ourselves.

She would travel by train or not at all. Imagine how I felt when I discovered that the motor coach I should have taken was one of two in a collision, in which one person was killed and six seriously injured.

Now I always go by train.—*H. E., Ilkeston.*

Beauty and the Beast

The excursion train is a means to an end—the destination. To reach that destination one endures overcrowding, stuffy compartments and interminable views of dirty stations, black tunnels and monotonous embankments.

The motor coach is an end in itself. What joy in actually seeing the countryside, of passing through interesting towns, of breathing God's pure air and, occasionally, stopping at some picturesque inn for a refresher.

The motor coach gives to the worker the chance of enjoying all the pleasures of motoring.—*E. W. Jabbitt, Handsworth.*

Poetic Driving Licence

There are long white roads in England
That the Roman soldiers trod;
Where Christians tramped on sandalled feet
To tell the folk of God.
There are leafy lanes in England
Where Queen Eleanor was borne;
Where gallant, laughing cavaliers
Marched merrily at morn.

There's the merry heart of England
In the good old English inn,
Where everyone is welcome
And everyone is kin.
There are cottage homes in England
Where children laugh with glee;
Where honest, kindly toilers live.
And when I go to see
The cottage homes of England,
The merry heart of England,
The long, white roads of England,
It's the motor coach for me.

—*W. Jenkins, Alexandria, Dumbartonshire.*

For the Poor Man

"To everywhere by motor coach!" This campaign has opened up the highways and by-ways to Mr. Man-in-the-Street—afforded to him extensive travel combined with hitherto unknown comforts and pleasure at a ridiculously low cost.

Moreover, it has shown to him the beauty of his own country as it really is.

Thus the seed is sown, and the resolve to travel more and more on these "health and happiness routes" grows.

Who can deny this monster, the motor coach, its prowess over the dingy, packed-to-discomfort excursion train!—*A. D. Jennings, Smethwick.*

* * *

A train just carries you; a coach educates you as well.—*R. J. S., Pontnewydd.*

Railroads are safer than country roads.—*Safety First, Bristol.*

Behind the excursion train is all the responsibility of a great national organisation. Any serious inefficiency is subject to an official inquiry.—*J. Cornell, Middlesboro.*

Free from that boxed up feeling of the excursion train, we are able to travel with eyes and mind wide open in the motor coach.—*Richard Heckels, Consett.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 25.

Economy by Equal Sacrifice: My View

Race with "Silver Ring"

Now for the "Ebor"

SOME years ago the Ebor Handicap—the next big event to be decided—was shorn of the prefix to its title "Great," but the race is still one of the most popular events in the North.

The famous Yorkshire roar will be more in evidence than ever this year if Six Wheeler is the first to catch the eyes of the judge.

Six Wheeler emanates from the Yorkshire stable at Malton presided over by Capt. Elsey, and his inclusion in the field for the "Ebor" and the Cesarewitch, although rather amazing, is a real sporting venture on the part of his owner and trainer.

A season or so back Mr. Clayton's horse won the "Wokingham," the six furlongs sprint at Ascot, and was considered unlucky in the Cambridgeshire.

Up to this year his best distance was thought to be a mile, but at Ascot he won the Bessborough Stakes, of a mile and a half, and now the "Ebor," one mile and six furlongs, and the Cesarewitch, a stamina test which is a law unto itself.

Six Wheeler is obviously of the progressing type. I like his chance, but I have just run a rule over the weights and I like that of COASTER better.

Coaster will probably be ridden by the champion jockey, Freddy Fox. This is all in his favour. So far this season he has been overburdened by the handicapper, but with 8st. 2lb. he has a great chance. Last time out Coaster was asked to give 4 lb. to Salmon Leap, and he ran a great race.

My week-end double at Hurst is Earn Hill and Quadrel.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday August 20 to Wednesday, August 26.

C	B	R	X	Z	H	J	S	M	L	T	A	N	G	Q	K
V	P	D	E	F	I	U	O	Y	W	84	85	86	87	88	89

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

O84H8687S would read STINGO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

87S2RZHOI would read GOOD FISH.

"SILVER RING."

'ASPRO' MAKES A HAPPY HOLIDAY CERTAIN

Most people's holidays are unfortunately brief. The quick change of conditions, for many, means the whole holiday is spoilt before the individuals can adjust themselves to the change of environment. 'ASPRO' will definitely prevent you from being upset by the sudden change. You will find that IF YOU TAKE 'ASPRO' THE SUDDEN CHANGE IN WEATHER CONDITIONS, SUN-GLARE, TRAIN, ROAD AND BOAT TRAVELLING AND NEW ENVIRONMENT will CEASE to upset you. Remember 'ASPRO' not only soothes away pain quickly—safely and effectively, but has a wonderful general soothing effect on the nervous system. No one who considers personal comfort can afford to set out on holiday without a packet of 'ASPRO' as a "happy holiday" insurance.

HOLIDAY COMPLAINTS THAT 'ASPRO' BANISHES ARE

1. SUN-GLARE HEADACHES
2. IRRITABILITY
3. NERVINESS
4. SEASIDE RHEUMATIC TWINGE
5. SUMMER CHILLS
6. HOT WEATHER SLEEPLESSNESS

HYDE PARK CHEMIST RECOMMENDS 'ASPRO' FOR SUN-GLARE HEADACHES

Dear Sirs,

Permit me to take this opportunity of telling you how satisfied I am with 'ASPRO' sales. I recommend it extensively to all my customers, as indeed do all my four assistants, and we have yet to find a dissatisfied customer or a case in which the desired relief from pain has not been obtained.

Our close proximity to Hyde Park has brought us experience that has taught us that 'ASPRO' is very well recommended for headaches caused by sun-glare, and for the normal day-tripper's headache. In fact we confidently recommend 'ASPRO' in all those cases where the use of aspirin is indicated, and particularly in those cases where ordinary aspirin is not well tolerated. Faithfully yours,

THE MARBLE ARCH PHARMACY.

Family Find Relief

Here's a letter from Mr. Nash of Wolverhampton: "Having used your wonderful 'ASPRO' Tablets I have found great relief for neuritis and neuralgia, also other ailments. Also the family have found relief."

WORTH KNOWING

School Road, Radwinter,
Sir, nr. Saffron Walden, Essex.

My daughter has crossed to and from Australia five times within the last six years and has always been seasick until this last journey in January last year. She writes me she was not sick thanks to 'ASPRO.'

I would not be without them myself and always willing to lend some to friends who get without. We are five miles from town.

Yours very truly,
(Mrs.) M. PORTER.

Marvellous for Bad Headaches

Mrs. G. Barker of Cheltenham Spa, uses 'ASPRO' for bad heads and nerve trouble. She tried 'ASPRO' as a last resource and the results have been marvellous.

Rheumatic Relief

Mr. E. J. Shalcross, of Tottenham, says that his wife almost lost the use of her hands through severe rheumatism. Other remedies were useless, but after taking 'ASPRO' she is now wonderfully well.

3d. 6d. 1/3 & 2/6
PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 80 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.
('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

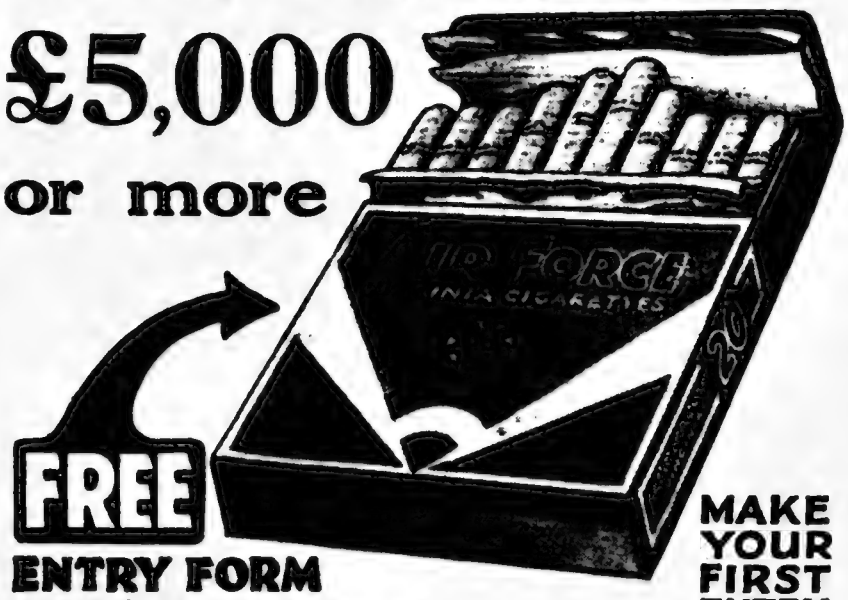
Made by ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

All leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO.'

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH

AIR FORCE
Pure Virginia Cigarettes
MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP
SWEEP
COMPETITION
You may be the lucky winner of

£5,000 or more



FREE ENTRY FORM and full Conditions in **EVERY PACKET of 20**

MAKE YOUR FIRST ENTRY TO-DAY

To advertise these excellent Virginia Cigarettes, the Manufacturers are setting aside the whole of the Net Profits on the sales of "AIR FORCE" Cigarettes, as certified by Chartered Accountants, except 10 per cent. retained by them and 15 per cent. to be paid to Voluntary Hospitals, as Prizes to smokers of

"AIR FORCE" VIRGINIA CIGARETTES.

If only one smoker in every five buys only two packets of "AIR FORCE" Cigarettes, there will be available for Prizes no less than

£10,000

On the basis of only £10,000 being available, the money will be distributed in the following proportions:—

1st Prize	50%	of the amount available...	£5,000
2nd Prize	15%	" " " "	£1,500
3rd Prize	10%	" " " "	£1,000
50 Prizes	10%	" " (£20 each)	£1,000
100 Prizes	5%	" " (£5 each)	£500
Traders will receive 10% of the Prize Fund, distributed in proportion to the amounts won by their customers.			£1,000
			£10,000

As, however, "AIR FORCE" Cigarettes are of excellent quality and smokers buy usually 4–6 Packets per week, it is anticipated that the sales during the Competition will greatly exceed the above calculation, and a very much larger sum be available for distribution as prizes.

Entries will be received and judged, and Prizes awarded by

THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.
Chairman—THE LORD LUKE OF PAVENHAM.

THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.
THE EARL OF MACCLESFIELD.
THE LORD EBRISHAM OF COBHAM.
SIR HAROLD WERNHER.
THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON.
SIR GEORGE ROBERTS, BART.
SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.
THE HON. I. ST. J. LAWSON JOHNSTON.

Secretaries—MESSRS. HUGH MACRAE & Co., Chartered Accountants.

15% OF THE PRIZE FUND PAID TO VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS.

ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST FOR A PACKET OF

AIR FORCE
TO-DAY

10 for 6D. PURE VIRGINIA 20 for 1/-

THE GENERAL TOBACCO Co. Ltd., 12-14, Bath St., London, E.C.1

ONLY with Germolene Brand Aseptic Ointment do you get such glorious quick RELIEF

Try this modern ASEPTIC Ointment —to-day. Smooth it gently over the sore inflamed parts. NO pain—Germolene Ointment *soothes at a touch.* NO WAITING—relief is almost immediate—within a minute, and it is *permanent.* With Germolene Ointment poisons and germs are gently pushed out (*inhibited* is the technical word)—special skin-and-tissue-building ingredients bring fresh healthy skin in record time—WITHOUT A BLEMISH.

This "Hopeless" SEPTIC WOUND, healed by Germolene Ointment

"I have been troubled with an old wound which I received in the war in 1917. The special treatment I took didn't seem to do any good. In fact, I almost gave it up as hopeless. Then I tried Germolene Ointment, and it did won-ders; drew matter out, ed the awful pain and the ed right up healthy flesh.—W. ley, Lancs.

—Try it TO-DAY!

Germolene Ointment's Unique Aseptic Action:

1. Soothes at a touch; starts rapid healing IMMEDIATELY.
2. Gently but firmly EJECTS germs and poisons.
3. Heals the worst wound in record time—without scars!

1/3 & 3/- of all chemists

Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

royds

JOHN BULL'S X-WORD PRIZE AGAIN INCREASED £800 RUNNERS-UP DIVIDE £50

EASY TO ENTER NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

THE first prize in "John Bull's" Great Crossword Contest is again increased. This week the first is £800 with £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Do not lose this opportunity of winning a worthwhile prize in the contest with most interesting clues. Remember that £800 MUST BE WON, so start filling in the squares at once—the big cash prize may be yours.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £800 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter a square containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 3rd, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 10th

Winners in X-Word No. 126 appear on page 27.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 127

C	A	B	■	S	T	A	K	E	■	U	P	■	■	■
A	L	O	N	E	■	U	N	R	E	A	D	■	■	■
S	E	N	T	R	Y	■	O	R	A	L	■	■	■	■
T	O	■	■	V	E	S	T	■	S	I	R	■	■	■
■	C	H	E	A	T	■	F	E	E	■	■	■	■	■
P	A	C	E	■	R	I	D	E	R	■	I	T	■	■
A	T	O	M	S	■	C	O	R	D	■	■	■	■	■
C	■	M	■	T	O	K	E	N	■	U	■	■	■	■
T	R	I	T	E	■	■	■	S	E	N	T	■	■	■
S	I	C	■	A	U	N	T	■	A	I	R	■	■	■
■	P	A	I	D	■	H	E	A	R	T	S	■	■	■
D	E	L	A	Y	S	■	N	O	S	E	■	■	■	■

JB 127

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 127 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-Word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for Two Squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, August 27th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms—(Four Squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, September 10th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £800 prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, **Tuesday, September 22nd,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. } See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 129

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Container.
4. It goes swiftly on holidays.
6. Thwart.
9. Hideous monster.
10. Person of rank.
11. Not quite.
13. Ship's hooter.
16. Having coating of gold.
17. He waits on ship's passengers.
20. Sewn borders.
21. Allow.
23. What boxers do when practising.
25. Lion's lair.
28. Yield up to another.
29. "Yours ———."
31. Animal resembling man.
33. Indicates maiden name
34. Female rabbit.
35. Climber.
37. Aches and pains.
38. What sergeant-major does.
39. Youngster often gives one.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Issued to investors in the City.
2. Number of years.
3. Wine's value depends upon.
5. "—— port in a storm."
6. This injures.
7. Weird.
8. You'll see gay ones on the beach.
12. Extra one's needed when visitors dine.
14. Common trees.
15. Unoccupied.
18. You do this to a ball.
19. Another name for a telegram.
22. Intestinal.
23. Peculiar kind of mark.
24. Card higher than a king.
25. Contradicts.
26. Throw together in confusion.
27. These often suffer at laundry.
30. Opposite to "tight."
32. Haul.
36. Fish spawn.

JB 129 DO NOT CUT HERE.

JB 129

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

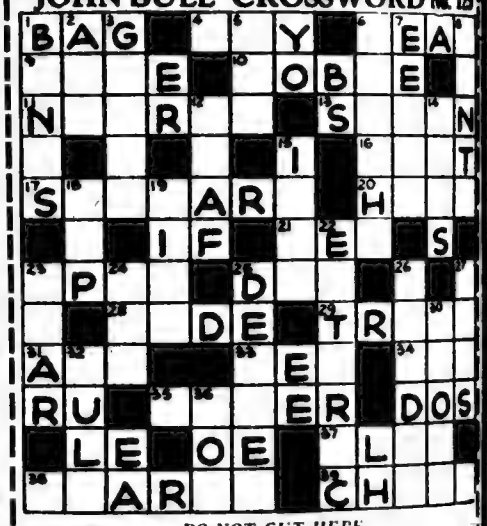
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

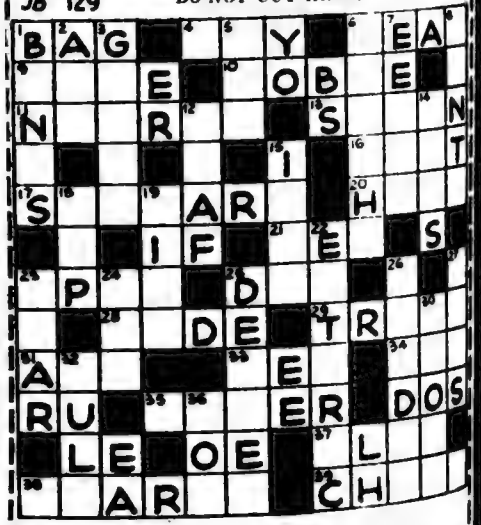
.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, AUGUST 27

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 129



JB 129 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB 129

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, AUGUST 27

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 129), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp

Write to "John Bull" About It!

The Editor Replies

C. M (Portobello).—"Motoring at night is safer when there is a moon." Not always.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

A. (Islington).—"A penny for your thoughts." ry, twopence a week is our price.

N. (Yarmouth).—"I am returning shortly my holidays." Why the "ly"?

M. (Norwich).—"I know what I am talking ut." Then why spoil it by writing?

P. (Dover).—"I paid my butcher's bill in five- ing-pieces." You must be earning big money.

W. (Redditch).—"What is the best way to vent water coming into the house?" Don't the water rate.

M. (Brixton).—"Who decides ether buttons or cuff-links should be n." Laundries.

C. (Ingatestone).—"The sweetest in the world has consented to be wife." Does R. L. know?

L. (Daventry).—"I am rying the sweetest girl in world." Does V. C. know?

N. (Ely).—"August is the month to take a rest from 's labours." So the sun seems think.

J. (London, W.).—"Several esses have had their faces d and their noses re- elled." They are to appear a play with several new tures.

B. (Ilford).—"I love to take a cold when it's warm." We are rather of that kind of cold bath, too.

HOS. B. (Newcastle).—"A friend of e has read a recent novel fifteen es." Perhaps his idea is to find out t it is all about.

RS. D. (Pittenweem).—"What on h do girls smoke cigarettes for?" thing from a manicure set to a pair ilk stockings.

F. S. (Liverpool).—"Guests often their tempers with seaside land- es." Still, they can always cool down ront of the sitting-room fire.

E. M. (Waltham).—"What should I to an acquaintance who continually me a fool?" Nothing; why e it?

L. (Blackpool).—"I collect foreign s, and would like to know where I get some." Try an automatic hine proprietor.

N. (Clacton).—"Are you going to Continent for your holidays, and d you like me to write to you e?" We hope to, we hope not.

ACHER (Brighton).—"I can't talk more than one person at a time." t a long time it must take you to ess all your pupils.

P. (Carlisle).—"Everyone should to suit his purse." Maybe that is reason for the present craze for ty in certain classes.

M. (Exeter).—"She looked at me wonder in her eyes and placed her in mine." And did you tell what ake trumps?

B. C. (Brighton).—"It is all very for people to talk, but I would like e the man who would tell my wife to open and shut her mouth." t about her dentist?

V. (Hull).—"I do not like the ter of the audience in the studios some items are being broadcast." something has to be done to enable ers-in to distinguish the humorous

B. K. (Wantage).—"England, I say, is decaying." To you we say "Rot!"

T. C. (Watford).—"How little men understand women!" We guess they know just as little about them as big men.

D. C. (S. Shields).—"Should women take part in public affairs?" All affairs they do take part in are soon public.

W. B. (Ilchester).—"I asked her to wait till I collected my thoughts." Then she didn't have to wait long, we gather.

E. A. (Burton).—"I'd trust him with my life." But would you trust him with anything really valuable?

T. H. (Wimbledon).—"Too much tennis is apt to alter one's features." It gives a set expression.

D. N. (Streatham).—"Who is the most prominent woman in politics to-day?" Dame Rumour.

PIANIST (Bolton).—"I can play jazz music while blindfolded." You should be handcuffed, too.

T. K. (Hendon).—"A new jazz composition is entitled 'Those Indigestion Blues.'" Putting the pep in dyspepsia.

A. K. G. (Epping).—"It was a very musical wedding." Was the ring a brass band?

SAXOPHONIST (Canterbury).—"Every musical composition has a motive." Sometimes it appears to be merely spite.

C. C. (Esher).—"I find that my wife likes cocoa for breakfast while I like tea." You'll soon get used to cocoa.

J. R. C. (Troon).—"She called me a self-satisfied pig, but I didn't reply." You just grunted?

G. H. (Deptford).—"English laundries are too slow." Some are in a tearing hurry.

F. Y. (Richmond).—"Scots generally speak good English." Although they often find it difficult to say "When."

H. S. (Wakefield).—"If she turns me down I shall never love another so long as I live." And if she accepts you you shouldn't.

R. S. (Hull).—"I only learned to drive a car a month ago, and am already in hospital." Evidently you took a turn for the worse.

P. C. (Kingston).—"I see that South Africa intends utilising wireless for destroying crop pests." But will they listen?

G. T. (Swindon).—"Prehistoric people had their dental troubles just as we do." We wonder if they also had to read pre-historic magazines while waiting for the dentist?

A. J. S. (Northampton).—"A little thinking does nobody any harm." Harm? Think of something neat and snappy for one of those coupons on page 35. That £400 would do you a power of good.

MAISIE (Holloway).—"I went out last week with a dab of rouge on the tip of my nose and my fiancé never told me it was there." How should a mere man know where you girls want to wear your complexion?

A. R. (Dunfermline).—"A well-known playwright declares that even while writing a play he can tell what the public will think of it." It says much for his courage that even in face of this discouragement he goes on writing it.

A. J. W. (Swindon).—"For twenty years I have performed physical exercises for an hour each morning, and as a consequence have not had a day's illness." Personally, we should put up with the day's illness.

D. C. S. (Leeds).—"A Hollywood film actress has for some time been considering having her face insured." The only thing that holds her back, we understand, is the fear that she may be asked how long she has had it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

TRINIDAD GUARDIAN: — "The public is hereby notified that I am no er responsible for any DEATHS con- ed by my husband."

CARDINESHIRE OBSERVER: — "Mr. said his mother was born in 1873 ngland of Scottish parents AT THE OF THREE."

ERPOOL POST AND MERCURY: — lish warships passing through the Canal, SALTED by friendly German ."

:—"It was the worst HAT WAVE ienced in that part for thirty ."

ICHESTER GUARDIAN:—"The Lady ress LIFTED on Holbeck Moor a bon-

IRISH INDEPENDENT:—"TWO witnesses will follow with DECORATIONS that they were present."

GUERNSEY EVENING PRESS:—"Pearls and BEARDS which have to be restrung."

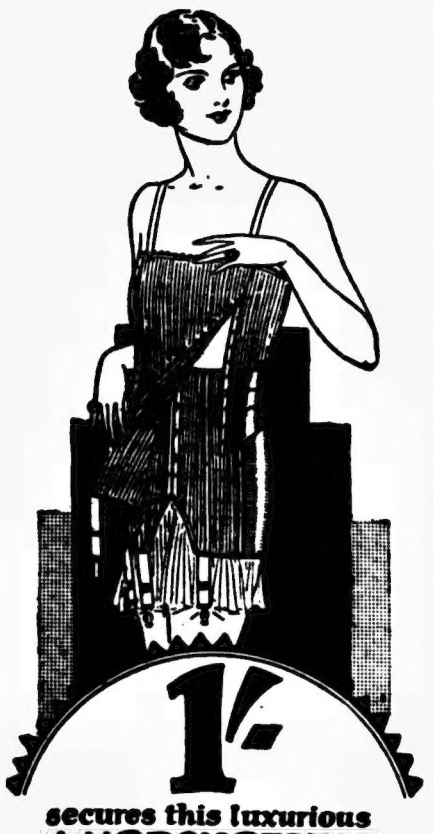
PENISTONE EXPRESS:—"The cause of death was acute gastritis and VALUABLE disease of the heart."

YORKSHIRE GAZETTE:—"Their wages —hitherto regulated on a sliding scale in accordance with the cost of LYING."

THE SILENT SYNDICATE (Sexton Blake Library):—"His straggly moustache hanging by a THREAT."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"——said he gave a signal to a CAT to come on."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS!—"Messrs. —— and —— have been awarded the certificate of the Royal Humane Society for HAVING the life of a youth."



1/- secures this luxurious AMBRON BELTED CORSELETTE

The distinguished feature of this belted Corselette is the delightful "uphold" of the 7" Under Belt to relieve weight or fullness, obviating fatigue, giving luxurious comfort in wear. It has the higher waist-line and soft brassiere top so essential to good fit in the new Suits and Dresses.
In stripe Coutille, pink or white, elastic insets on hips and six suspenders.
If it's more convenient to you the balance can be paid monthly.

BARGAIN COUPON.
BELTED CORSELETTE.
Please send me, on approval, at this week's bargain price of 8/11, a new Ambron Belted Corselette to following measurements:—
Bust..... Hips.....
Sizes range from 30 ins. to 46 ins. bust.
Please state if pink or white preferred.
I enclose 1/- deposit, with 4d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each or more. If not satisfied, and I return the goods at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.
Enclose coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed / /
Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.
"John Bull" 22/8/31. No. 439.
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A Genuine Remedy for INDIGESTION

Messrs. Savory & Moore strongly recommend Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, of which they are the sole manufacturers, as a remedy for DIGESTIVE DISORDERS arising from ACIDITY, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE, GIDDINESS, etc. The lozenges are pleasant to take, quite harmless, and give speedy and permanent relief, even in the most stubborn cases.
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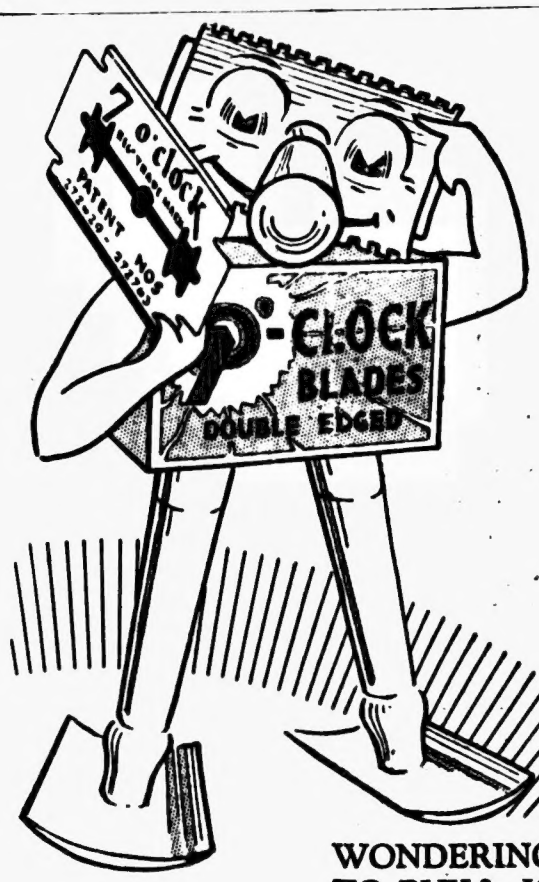
A FREE SAMPLE.
of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent on receipt of postcard. Mention "John Bull" and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond Street, London, W.1.



BRITISH MADE

FOUR for a BOB!

WONDERING WHAT BLADES TO BUY? If you use a two-edge safety razor—Seven O'clock is the blade for it. Seven O'clock—the blade with an edge as keen as steel can be made to be. Seven O'clock the blade that lasts longer—better and sharper than those that cost more. Four for a shilling.

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AMAZING HAIR-GROWTH

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"Dear Sirs,—When I began to use KOTALKO my head was bare and scalp quite shiny, except for a very small place where there remained about a handful of hair. I had used many preparations, in fact, the trouble was not through neglect, but none of them had prevented the existing condition. You can imagine the amazement of myself and friends when, after the use of one box of KOTALKO, new hair could be seen all over my head, and after three boxes had been used my head was covered with a new growth of thick hair, which continued to grow until now I have hair down to my waist in splendid condition."

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NAME .....

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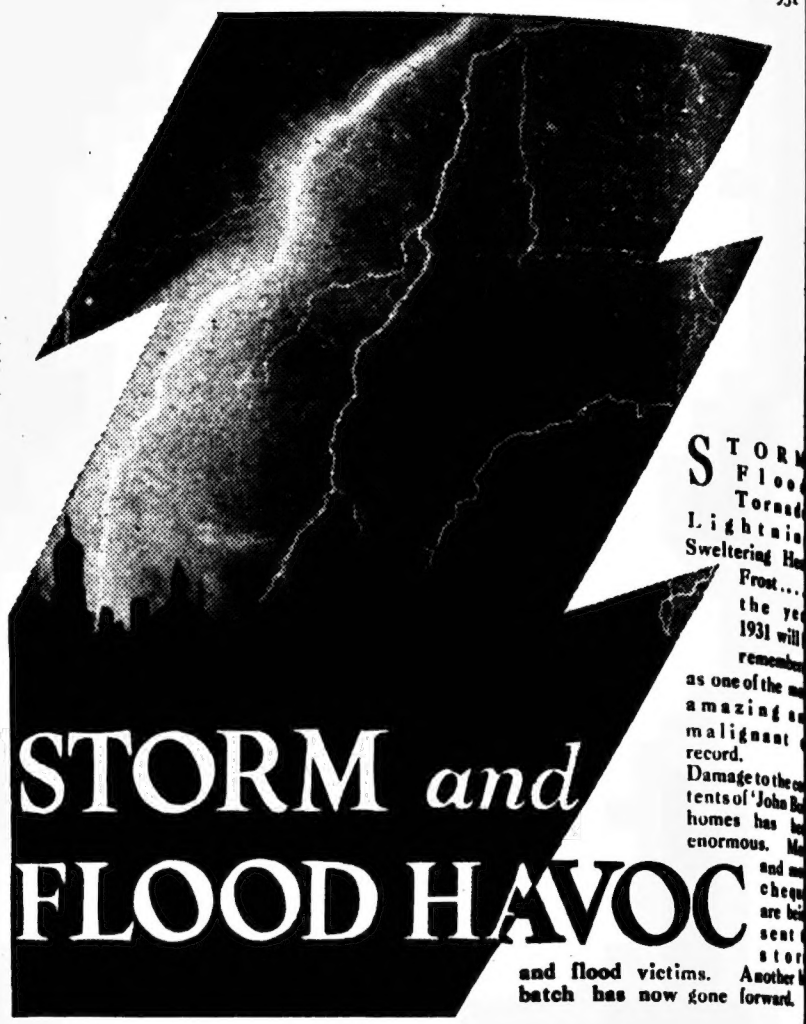

STORM and FLOOD HAVOC

STORM
Flood
Tornad
Lightnin
Sweltering Hea
Frost....
the ye
1931 will
remember
as one of the
amazing
malignant
record.
Damage to the
tents of 'John Bu
homes has
enormous.
and
cheque
are be
sent
stor
and flood victims. Another
batch has now gone forward.

We give below the names of a few readers who have received cheques recently for Storm and Flood.

WARRINGTON.—Mrs. A. Lawton, 20, Porter St.
WALSALL.—Mrs. P. B. Clark, 3bk. of 4, Hatherton St.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. A. Burrows, 33, Hawthorn Ave.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. Fern, 23, Clapgate Rd., California.
SWANSEA.—Mr. A. E. P. Lerwill, 71, Western St.
SWANSEA.—Mr. T. Coleman, 66, Vincent St.
SWANSEA.—Mr. N. Hurford, 32, New St.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. S. H. Battin, 179, Wood End Rd., Oldbury.
MAESTEG.—Mrs. D. W. Thomas, 307, Bridgend Rd.
SMETHWICK, STAFFS.—Mrs. G. Webster, 117, Church Lane.
SMETHWICK, STAFFS.—Miss S. M. Newton, 16, Rosefield Rd.
BLAENGARW BRIDGE. — Mr. S. Maddocks, 28, Railway Terr.
LLANELLY.—Mr. T. D. Thomas, Glenholme, Havard Rd.
EXETER.—Mr. W. G. May, 1 Bridge St., Thorverton.
WEDNESBURY.—Mr. W. Wardle, 140, Wednesbury Bridge.
SMETHWICK, STAFFS. — Mr. W. Thomason, 4, Stoney Lane.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. W. Evans, 161, Washwood Heath Rd.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. A. Lewin, 90, Linacre Rd., Litherland.
WIRRAL.—Mrs. A. Handford, Allervale, Hoylake Rd., Moreton.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. I. Rosenberg, 70, Western St.
LLANELLY.—Mr. A. R. Dickeson 12, Forge Row.
CARDIFF. Mr. E. Watts, Newport Rd.
BIRMINGHAM. Mrs. R. Clift, Titford Rd., Langley.
WOLVERHAMPTON. Mr. F. M. gan, 39, Jones Rd., Bushbu
STOKE-ON-TRENT. Mr. M. T kinson, The Square, Porcher
CWMAVON, NR. PONTYPOOL. W. Murkins, Trelar House.
CONNAHS QUAY, NR. CHESTER. Mr. D. Ratcliffe, 84, High
TONNA, NEATH. Mrs. M. Newman, Tynygraig.
WEST BROMWICH, STAFFS. Lloyd, 25, Scott St.
BIRMINGHAM. Mr. J. W. Cl 252, Tifford Rd., Langley.
CONNAHS QUAY, NR. CHESTER. Mr. E. Hughes, 2, Spring
MANOR, PEMBLES. Mr. J. L Glenrathe.

JOHN BULL—the ONLY paper to pay Storm and Flood Benefi

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To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 22/8/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

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Name and address of Newsagent.....

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..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 22/8/31.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS—

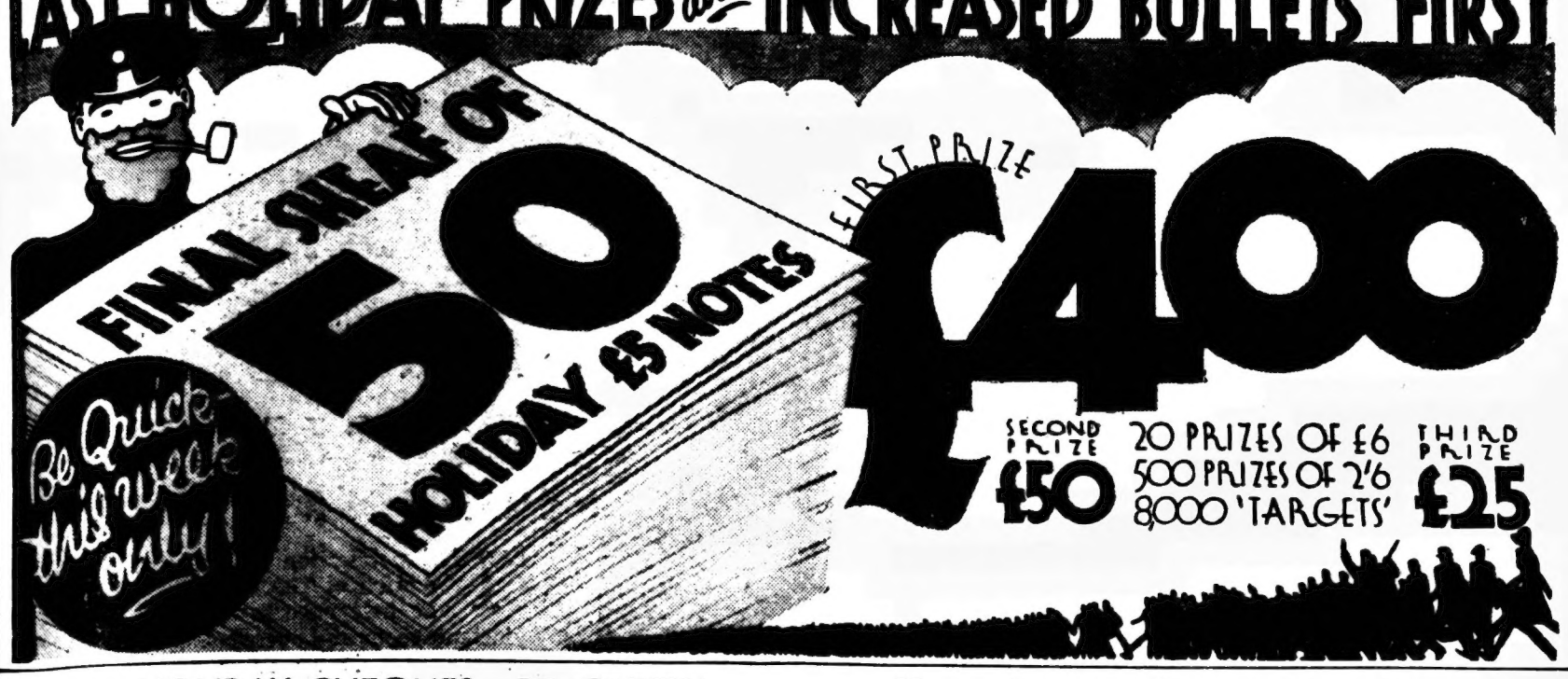
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

LAST HOLIDAY PRIZES and INCREASED "BULLETS" FIRST



LAST 73 HOLIDAY CHEQUES—BE QUICK!

THE last of our series of big offers of Holiday Prizes now before you will be long remembered by 73 "Bulleteers"—especially the entrant whose words win the increased First Prize of £400.

But the other 72 will also have good grounds for congratulating themselves, nce the rest of the prize-list includes sums of £50 and £25, 20 of £6 and a rprising batch of as many as 50 "Holiday Fivers."

Only *Bullets* can offer you so many opportunities of substantial success—t if this is to be your "harvest week," you must step in now and take your ace amongst the winners. After Saturday, August 29, will be too late, so get sy this evening and win your holiday expenses.

What have you to do to gain so large a reward for a few minutes' thought? mply this. Add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original com-ent to any of the *Examples* adjoining, and a *Bullet* is completed.

As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* STEP HE REGRETTED, by ding the words INTO "CREDITOR'S ARMS" AFTERWARDS a *Bullet* is completed.

When you have examined the phrasing of the successful *Bullets* below, order to acquire the winning style, you will be all ready to make your tack on this week's fine prize-list.

223 "BULLETS" CHEQUES WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 814.

Mr. LEONARD JONES, 26, Gladstone Road, Chesham, Bucks.

Example:—MAIN THING IN LIFE
Bullet:—Is "FAITH IN ANOTHER."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

J. PRICE JONES, 15, Benjamin Road, Wrexham.
ample: Worth Hearing
llet:—Father Joking—Despite Jokes!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

E. W. RICHARDSON, 15, Victor Street, Hull.
ample: Desirable Residence
llet: World "Housekeeping" That's Wrong.

20 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

ROWN, 15, Bernard Street, Nottingham.
d To The Slaughter—Many, "Blind-folded" With Flags.
Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

ROWN, Jnr., 71, Prospect Street, Lan-caster.
orth Hearing—Neighbour's Gramophone —It's Ours!

. BARNES, 30, Leap Hill Road, Bos-combe.
wing His Own Trumpet—And Walking ackward Politician.

ARR, c/o Mr. Clarke, 30, Church Lane, E. Ham.
irable Residence—Spoilt—Hubby Moved omething.

. HARRIS, 52, East Street, Ponty-ridd.
rists—"Patrons" Our "Saints" Dis-ourage.

UBBARD, 96, Stubley Estate, Heck-ondwike Works.
t It's All About—Lion Wonders—veryone's Running!

J. T. JOY, 65, Southfield Road, Middlesbrough.
Sloppy Sentiment—Not While Husband's White-washing.

A. LAMPTTT, 24, Wilson Street, Worcester.
Stands To Reason—"Reasoning" Beats "Stand To!"

T. MALONEY, 34, Sudbury Heights Avenue, Greenford, Middx.
Radio Star—Biggest Audiences—Fewest Bouquets.

H. MILLAR, 64, Newbold Road, Rugby.
When Dad Goes Fishing—"Fish Eat More."

Miss G. NICHOLS, 21, Court/9 House, Carlisle Street, Sheffield.
When Dad Goes Fishing—Promises Supper —Brings Appetite!

R. PALMER, 7, Weymouth Street, Halifax.
Her Philosophy — "Wear Trousers"—"Skirt" Responsibility.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

W. J. POWELL, 41, Upper Abbey Road, Brighton.
Height Of Absurdity—Father Tried Being "Deep."

A. PRATT, 4, Lavell Street, N.16.
When Dad Goes Fishing—Drowns Worms—Revives "Snakes."

J. E. PREECE, Bomb Proof House, Europa, Gibraltar.
In Great Demand—Sabbath Rest—On Monday.

G. W. REED, 23, College Hill, London, E.C.4.
Led To The Slaughter—Voters, After Choosing "Butchers."

J. REVIE, 149, Firpark Street, Glasgow, E.
Tourists—Appreciated "Retreats"—Deplored "Charges."

J. H. ROBINSON, Market Place, Askern, Doncaster.
Stands To Reason — Father — Merely Scorches Trousers!

A. A. TEMPLETON, 162, London Road, Glasgow.
Rousing Reception—Charabanc Party Gave *Themselves*.

W. H. WITTS, 8, Henry Street, Ross-on-Wye.
Crying Bitterly—After Trying Sweetly, Wifie.

A list of 200 £2 10s. and 300 £1/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 813 will be displayed in the window of Mr. T. Evans, Bookstall Manager, Waverley Station, Edinburgh.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 817 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"
our free weekly help for would-be winners waiting to help you into the prize-list. Be sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

Enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
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Send to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 18, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "*Bullets*.")

Examples for Competition No. 817

IN BRITANNIA'S OFFICE	HOPES AND FEARS	TWISTING AND TURNING
TOPSY-TURVY WORLD	SOMETHING MISSING	OUT FOR PEACE
RECIPE FOR PROSPERITY	PROMPTLY	MAN WHO'S WAITING
A LAME DOG	A FINE SPEECH	HEART-RENDING
INTERNATIONAL HARMONY	BUMP OF CURIOSITY	MEANS NOTHING
STEP HE REGRETTED	LOSING WEIGHT	LIGHTING UP
SHADOW OF UNEMPLOYMENT	POURING OUT HER TROUBLES	TO GERMANY
LIKE A MAGICIAN	SMACK!	IN PRIVATE
THROWN OUT	HIS POCKET'S EMPTY, SO	KEEP COOL AND
NEGLECTED WIFE	COSTLY AFFAIR	PLAYMATES
	SHE INTENDED	WHEN FATHER TRIED GOLF

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 29
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(817) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 29
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(817) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 29
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(817) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

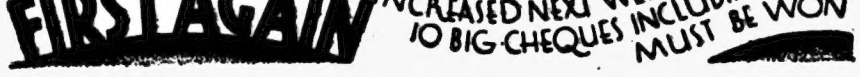
Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 29
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(817) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 817, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.



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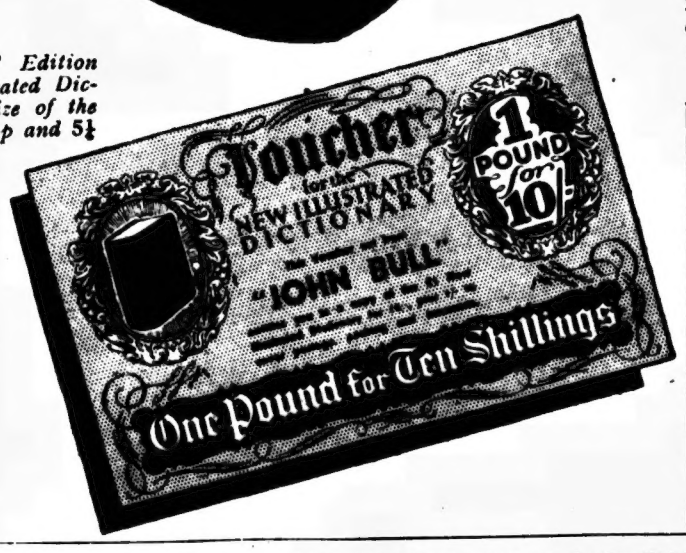

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